In this issue, we uppercut **ROCKY**

...roundhouse **LAVERNE & SHIRLEY**

...knock down **RELIGIOUS CULT LEADERS**

...count out **DAILY NEWSPAPERS**

...and ignore **BILLY CARTER**

MAD

No. 194 Oct. '77
33230

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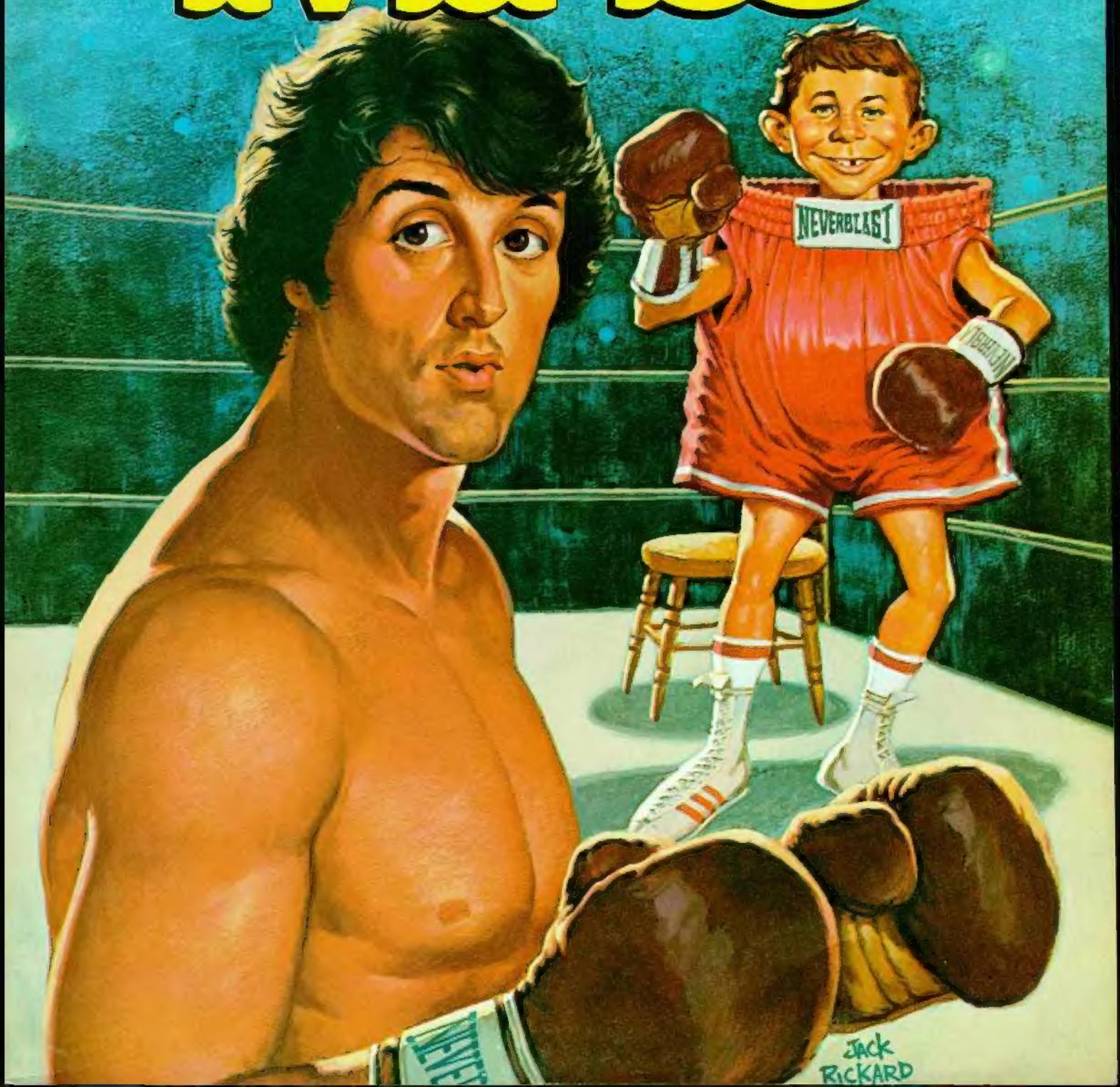

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NUMBER 194 OCTOBER 1977

MAD

"Modern technology has developed a 15¢ soda can which, when discarded, will last forever . . . and a $5000 automobile which, when taken care of, will rust out in two or three years!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—Oct., 1977, Volume 1, No. 194. Published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions: in U.S.A., 15 issues $9.00. Outside U.S.A., 15 issues $10.00. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1977 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The name of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
Printed in U.S.A.

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LETTERS DEPT.

KING KORN

"King Korn" was a bouncing success. You can depend on De Bartolo and North to come up with a "biggie"!

Peter Crewe
Montreal, Quebec
Canada

I went ape over the North-De Bartolo gorilla tactics!

Brett Steindl
Scottsdale, Ariz.

"King Korn" has an edifice complex!

D. L. Nelson
Salt Lake City, Utah

In show biz lingo, De Bartolo and North should "break a leg" on a two hundred pound banana peel!

John Barrett
Cupertino, Calif.

"King Korn" was really HAIRY!

Russ Ovans
Chilliwack, B.C.
Canada

"King Korn" really had me in its grip!

Damon Gill
Oakley, Calif.

A MAD LOOK AT KING KONG

"King Korn" played Second Ape to Sergio Aragonés's funnier "A MAD Look At King Kong"!

Dan Harris
College Station, Tex.

Aragonés Gets Well-Deserved Hand (Foot?) From "Kong"

I hope we haven't seen the last of Aragonés's "Kong", and that was just an APE-itizer!

Dick Walker
Des Moines, Iowa

JONES' KONGCUPISCENCE COVER

That's some dumb ape Bob Jones painted! I guess he never was told about the birds, the bees and the baboons.

Bob Langhus
Beloit, Wisc.

What'll they call the kid, "*Prince* Kong"?

Frankie Russo
Wayne, N.J.

I understand that King Kong's brother saw Bob Jones's cover to your July issue and said, "Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle!"

John Fohrman
Glencoe, Ill.

A MAD LOOK AT CB RADIO

"A MAD Look At CB Radio" gave a true view of the craze that's bleeping the country. It was worth waiting three issues to see you blast all those "good buddies"!

Al Stroupe
Ripley, Miss.

While drinking my battery acid, I read your "MAD Look At CB Radio." It was as funny as green go-go girls in Georgia overdrive!

Kenny "Cars" Lasky
Troy, New York

This is "Lucky Hunter" going 10-77's (negative contact) on the MAD CB static. We got a big 10-1 with poor modulation for sure, good buddies!

Dan Metz
Perryville, Mo.

Your CB coverage was a big 10-192*! (*Yecch!)

Kena Massey
Fontana, Calif.

CB-TYPE CODE LANGUAGE IN OTHER WALKS OF LIFE

Upon orbing your "CB-Type Code Language In Other Walks Of Life," my fuel box flapjacked and I had to do a Speedy Gonzalez to the sluice chamber!

Rich Feltz
Crystal Lake, Ill.

Although you guys finally quit ignoring CB radio, I decided to keep up the tradition by ignoring your CB articles!

Peter Callas
Fullerton, Calif.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF MORNINGS

Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of Mornings" got an early rise out of me!

Andy Hanes
Baltimore, Md.

There was no mention of morning sickness. After reading it in bed, that's what I got the following morning.

Susan Rand
Toledo, Ohio

ONE DAY IN PHILADELPHIA

For non-smokers like myself, Don Martin's "One Day In Philadelphia" had a happy vending!

Jacob J. Kramer
Birmingham, Mich.

Don Martin's "Stop Smoking Instantly" method is a flush in the pan!

Teddy Khoury
Brigantine, N.J.

NUTWORK

Stan Hart and Mort Drucker have given us a sublime synthesis of the Unscrupulous Broadcasting System that will long be regarded as a classic jab at "Network" and the networks. Screenwriter Paddy Chayefsky may level his sights at a satire magazine next, in retaliation!

Gordon Duerbauer
Baltimore, Md.

"Nutwork" turned me off!

Kelly A. O'Brien
Owasso, Okla.

ONE NIGHT IN THE BIG CITY

Al Jaffee's genie in "One Night In The Big City" had a very good punch line!

David Chadwick
Oakton, Va.

Jaffee's Very Good Punch Line

I guess that's what you'd call a shot of jinn!

Elaine Schmidt
Langhorne, Pa.

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IT'S STALLONE RANGER! DEPT.

For years, Hollywood made movies about the Fight Game that were loaded with clichés. Recently, however, instead of bringing back another one of those "Joe Palooka" pictures, they made a brand new type movie about the Fight Game . . . loaded with brand new clichés. You'll see what we mean in this version of

ROC

KHEAD

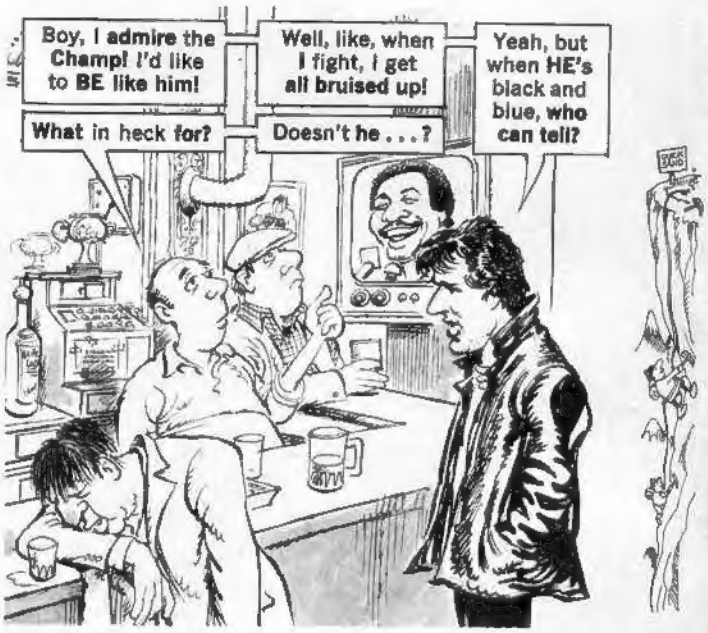
ARTIST:
MORT DRUCKER

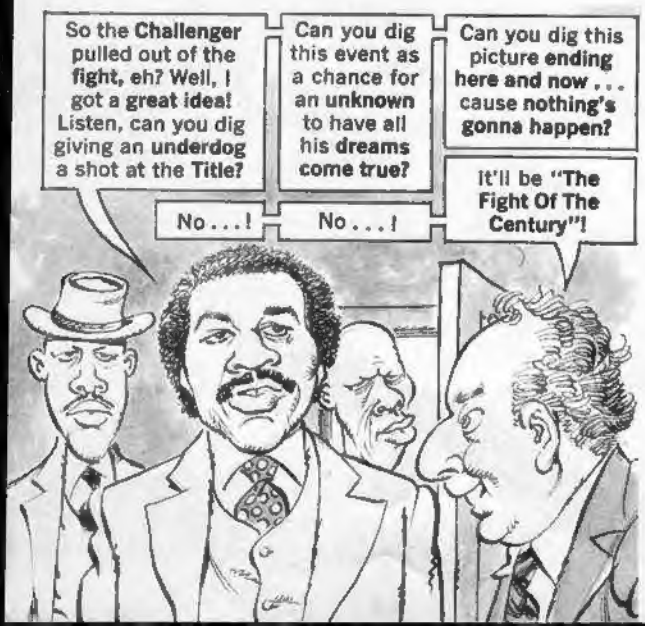
WRITER:
STAN HART

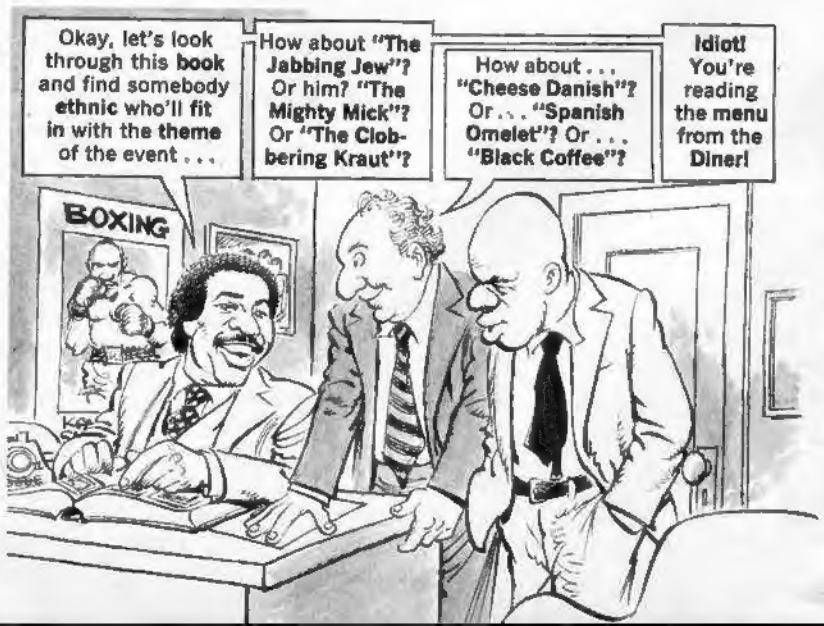
Listen, I'm warnin' you! You better pay Greaso The Loanshark the money you owe him . . . or ELSE . . . !
Aw, c'mon! You . . . you wouldn't hurt me!
You say that 'cause I'm too nice a guy??
No, I say that 'cause I've seen you fight!

Nicky, why'd you give my locker t' someone else, huh?
'Cause you're through around here, Rockhead!
Huh? Whaddya mean . . .?
You make me sick! You coulda BEEN somethin' if you'd've worked hard! Now, you're nothin' but a BUM!
An' if I'd've lived clean an' worked really hard, what would I be . . .?
A TIRED bum!!

Wanna go to the Basketball Game wit' me, Atrium?
No . . . I'm busy tonight!
Oh? Whatcha doin' . . . ?
Readin'!
Oh . . . ? Whatcha readin'?
"Do Not Remove This Tag Under Penalty Of Law"!
I'll wait till the movie comes out!


Boy, I admire the Champ! I'd like to BE like him!
What in heck for?
Well, like, when I fight, I get all bruised up!
Doesn't he . . . ?
Yeah, but when HE's black and blue, who can tell?


So the Challenger pulled out of the fight, eh? Well, I got a great idea! Listen, can you dig giving an underdog a shot at the Title?
No . . . !
Can you dig this event as a chance for an unknown to have all his dreams come true?
No . . . !
Can you dig this picture ending here and now . . . cause nothing's gonna happen?
It'll be "The Fight Of The Century"!


Okay, let's look through this book and find somebody ethnic who'll fit in with the theme of the event . . .
BOXING
How about "The Jabbing Jew"? Or him? "The Mighty Mick"? Or "The Clobbering Kraut"?
How about . . . "Cheese Danish"? Or . . . "Spanish Omelet"? Or . . . "Black Coffee"?
Idiot! You're reading the menu from the Diner!

Okay, here's the one I want! "The Italian Stallion"! He must be called that because of his BUILD!

I know him! That's a typo! Actually, he's called "The Italian Scallion" . . . because of his BREATH!

Hey, Rockhead! If you get me a part time job with Greaso The Loanshark, you will go out with my Sister!

An' if I get you a FULL TIME job wit' him . . .?

Then I won't make you go out with her!

I want you should go out with Rockhead!

No, Bawly! He wants what all the other guys want!

Sure . . . but the difference is . . . he forgets what it IS!

No . . . I refuse!!

This is some Thanksgiving Day Party!! You know what you can do?! You can t'row the damn turkey out the window for all I care!!

I meant THIS turkey . . . not THAT turkey!!

CRASH!

Hey, Atrium! How about goin' out wit me, huh . . .?

Keep after her!

She ain't answering, Bawly! I don't think she likes me!

Sure she does! You got a certain quality she loves!

C'mon, will you! I'm stupid, I'm a slob and I got no future! What kinda quality have I got?

Honesty . . .!!

My Fadder tol' me t' always use my brawn . . . 'cause I got a great body, but no brains!

My Father told me to use my brains . . . because my body is nothing!

Hey, we make a great team! Imagine if we had a baby an' he had your brains an' my body?!?

With our luck, he'd have YOUR brains and MY body!

Ahhh, so what! That didn't stop Sonny Bono!

Nobody wants to fight me 'cause I'm a lefty! I never amounted to much 'cause nobody gave me a chance!

Could your clumsiness have anything to do with it?

I'm not Clumsy! This ice is slippery!

But we're not on the ice anymore!

You live here all alone?!?
Sure!! Wha'd ya think?
That you needed some help to get this place as filthy as it is!
C'mon, now! Why don' you relax?
I don't think I should stay, but somehow, I can't seem to leave!
You're turned on by my looks, huh?
No . . . I'm stuck here in your couch . . . because of this broken spring!

Hold still! Let me take off your glasses!
Oh, that's such a cliché! You wanna see if I'm pretty!
No, I DON'T want you to see where my hands are going!
Please! Don't start anything! I have a confession to make! I'm 30 years old and still a virgin!
That must be tough!
It's only been tough the last 20 years!

Please! I . . . I never kissed a man before!
What HAVE you kissed?
Every animal in the pet shop . . .
You'll never know the difference!

Rockhead . . . how would you like to fight the Champ . . . Appalling Greed?
Are you kiddin'?! I ain't good enough t'—oops!

You're perfect!! You'll get 150 grand for doing what you just did!
What'd I just do??
Fall on your face!
Will he hit me a lot?!?
My guess would be . . . just once!

I'd like to manage you for the big fight, my boy!
Why . . . ?
'Cause I've always treated you like a Father would!
What? You t'row my stuff in the street . . . you yell at me in front of everyone . . . you make me feel like a stupid useless little kid!
See! I told you I treat you like a Father would!

Gotta start my training! Now, let's see this schedule I gotta keep . . .
4:00 A.M. Wake up and get out of bed!
4:05 A.M. Crack 8 raw eggs into a glass!
4:10 A.M. Swallow the 8 raw eggs . . .

4:12 A.M. . . . vomit . . .

Rockhead tell us . . . in training for the Championship fight, why do you hit raw meat?!?

Because hitting raw FISH makes my hands smell! It also toughens me up, and gets me used to the sight of blood!

I see! So when your opponent gets gory, it won't upset you!

No, so when I get gory, it won't upset me!!

Besides, they pay me t'ree bucks an hour! I'm cheaper den usin' CHEMICAL MEAT-TENDERIZERS!

THUD!

Rockhead, wanna go inside and you-know-what . . . ?

I—I can't! My manager tol' me not to mess aroun' wit' girls 'cause I'm IN TRAINING!

To be a Champ . . . or to be a Priest?!

I don' want my Sister makin' out wit' some bum who won't even get me a job!!

This house isn't big enough for both Bawly and me anymore! How do you feel about living together . . . ?

Nahh! Bawly snores!

I mean with ME!!

CRASH!

I don't think I can beat him, Atrium! All I wanna do is go the distance!

You—you mean the distance in the fight??

No, the distance between here an Sydney, Australia!

Hey! What a smart Promoter you are, Champ . . . comin' into the ring dressed as The Father of our Country!

Glad you like it, MOTHER!!

Gee . . and you were even kind enough to figure ME in on it!

Hit me all you want to, Champ! That's my "Plan A" . . . where you tire yourself out!

But I never get tired!

Well . . . then . . . I'll immediately switch to "Plan B" . . . where you KILL ME!!

I COULD'A BEEN A CONTENDER

Hey . . . do you think he has a chance?

Against the Champ? Absolutely not!!

I'm not talking about this phony movie fight! I mean, do you think he has a chance of winning The Academy Award??

Against Peter Finch?? Absolutely not!!

Both your eyes are shut tight! At least that's ONE lucky thing . . . !

What's lucky about that?

Now you can't see your nose is broken!

This round, I give him and uppercut in the ribs, a hook in the sirloin and a jab in the brisket!

Geez, I told you you were sparring with those sides of beef too much!

ROUND 8

I . . . I gotta get up! An' . . . an' I only got ten seconds to do it!

Take your time! Don't you know that in all Fight Pictures, it takes the Referee a full two minutes to count to ten?!?

This is the bloodiest, most gruesome encounter I've seen since last Thursday!!

What happened last Thursday?

The Philadelphia Flyers played The New York Rangers in a hockey game!!

We have a split decision!

The Judges have awarded 15 points for Rockhead . . .

18 points for the Champ . . .

. . . and 25 points for the Make-Up Man!!

Atrium, I love you! Will ya marry me?

Oh . . . yes! Yes! I will Rockhead!

Isn't that warm and wonderful! An underdog sees his dreams come true, marries the girl and lives happily ever after!!

Oh, yeah? I'm not so sure! Look . . .

Stand up, Rockhead! Don't slouch! Stop mumbling when you talk! Tie your robe! Wash your hands and face and show me they're clean! If they're not, back you go to the bathroom and do it all over again! Now, the first thing—

Hey, le'me get MY licks in, Atrium, in as much as I'm gonna live wit' you! Now, I need a new car, an' a new suit, an' . . .

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

EARLY ONE MORNING OUT ON THE BAY

MUSE PAPER DEPT.

What's black and white and dead all over? Today's newspaper, that's what! Wherever you look, you find a "Morning Gazette" or "Evening News" gasping for circulation and fighting to stay alive. We at MAD, as usual, have the answer to the plight of our

Verses and limericks just for a dime . . .

THE DAIL

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

VAST BLAST FROM GRAY'S BLAZE DOUSES HOUSES, SOAKS FOLKS

Goof of Daughter Spreads to Water, Causes Slaughter

By Melvin Spelvin

A raging blaze swept through today
The residence of Quincy Gray
Who lives at 24 — 0 — 2
South Lackawanna Avenue.
The house went up when
Gray's young daughter
Mistook turpentine for water,
After which the fire spread
To Gray's adjoining backyard shed,
Igniting sticks of dynamite
Which filled the air with
Gray's son, Dwight.

Lloyd Destroyed

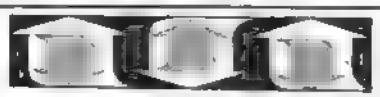
The blast brought down a power line,
Electrocuting Lloyd T. Fein,
And then ripped through a water main,
Which flooded homes on Yulvey Lane
And swept three cars and
one old flivver
Straight into the Chumbee River,

Very Hairy on Ferry

There they went downstream afloat
Until they struck a ferryboat,
Which sank in seconds in the sound
And left some 37 drowned,
Whose families assert that they
Will now be suing Quincy Gray,
Who's fully covered, if you please,
With large insurance policies,
Except, "The Rhyme"
learned late today,
His premiums he didn't pay.

You Shouldn't Miss A Scoop Like This

This story in "The Daily Rhyme"
Confirms a piece in this week's
"Time,"
Based on a rumor NBC
Got wind of Monday from AP,
Who picked it up from CBS,
Who read it in the foreign press.
It seems this famous millionaire...
But face it, do you really care?



NEWS OF STOCKS

By Murray Fox

GM's off 3,
And so's GE
While Exxon's down to 81.
Pan Am has slipped,
Gulf Oil has dipped
Because of news from Washington.
The steels are weak,
Down from their peak,
And Polaroid's begun to fall.
It's very clear
A crash is near,
So sell before you blow it all!

DAKOTA TOYOTA IN RASH CRASH

Runs Into Datsun Of Oliver Watson

By Chester Fester

Young Philo Freen of North Dakota
Late last night in his Toyota
Crashed into the light-blue Datsun
Occupied by C. T. Watson,
Then bounced off a red Polara
Driven by John J. O'Hara,
Sending five folks straight to heaven
Three miles west on Highway 7.

Freen Not Clean

State Police out at the scene
Have thrown the book at driver Freen.
"It's clear the creep was
stoned on grass,"
Declared patrolman Walter Kass,
"Or high on speed or smashed on junk—
"If not, then he was driving drunk."
"In any case, he's one bad punk
"And what he did—it really stunk."

Marshal Is Partial

Said County Marshal Elmer Yost,
"It's punks like Freen
I hate the most."
"I'd like to see the rat get jailed
"And whipped and clubbed
and stoned and flailed
"Or, failing that, tied in a sack
"And stretched upon a torture rack."
"I'd never let the punk go free—
"Too bad that he died instantly."

GAY LIB PANTHER HAS THE ANTHWER

The Cleveland Zoo announced today
a panther there named Ralph is gay.
Two weeks ago he left his mate
and moved in with a chimp
named Nate.

PUBLIC NOTICE FROM EDWIN OTIS

My wife has left my bed and board;
Should anyone find her,
there's no reward.

newspapers. Mainly—make them more entertaining, and folks will start reading them again! You're asking, "How?" Well, first of all, we'd get rid of the dull, everyday writing and replace it with something better—or verse! We'd then wind up with...

Y RHYME

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

...if you've got the money, then we've got the rhyme!

U.S.,RUSSIANS, END DISCUSSIONS WITH A TREATY THAT'S A SWEETIE

Just moments after both sides signed this pact for all posterity
The diplomats exchanged a toast to show their deep sincerity.

By Milton Stilton

The U.S. and the Soviets
Have signed a guarantee
That neither side will lose its cool
In case of World War III.
No matter which side starts the war,
There is a special clause
Outlawing H-bombs and the like
Unless there's some good cause.

Test is Stressed

Should either side get so upset
It has to use its warheads,
The other nation has the right
To call them silly soreheads.
The day before the war begins
Both sides will get the chance
To test their bombs by blowing up
Rumania or France.

Less Trouble with Rubble

Should either side be laid to waste
With very few left living,
The loser has to sign a pledge
That he will be forgiving.
The signers of the treaty say
The pact should now increase
The chance that they'll be given this
year's Nobel Prize for Peace.

NO SURPRISE AS TAXES RISE TO THE SKIES

By Irwin Kerwin

The City Council said today
That citizens will have to pay
New taxes on their diamond rings,
On Dairy Queens and Burger Kings,
On first-born girls and red-haired sons,
On basset hounds who get the runs,
On Hershey bars and cigarettes,
On losses by the New York Mets,
On trousers that are cleaned and pressed,
On people who have gone through EST,
On anyone who's name is Fred,
On being born and dropping dead.
Said Council leader Quincy Blair,
"We think these taxes are quite fair.
"We need them all, because today
"We gave ourselves a raise in pay."

QUICK REVIEWS OF MAJOR NEWS

A plane hijacked by terrorists
is heading for Damascus.
The leader says, "We'd like to land,
but no one's thought to ask us."

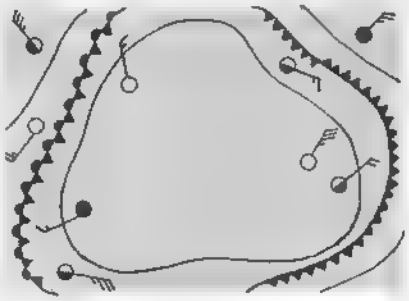
* *

Sextuplet girls were born today
to Bessie Kaye of San Jose.
Their names are Fay and Kay and May–
the rest she hopes will go away.

* *

In Santa Fe, a man named Ware
has made a St. Bernard his heir.
In Jacksonville, a man named Brock
has willed his fortune to a rock.

* *



Today there's rain,
but don't complain
or waste your tears of sorrow.
If you can wait,
we'll have a great
big hurricane tomorrow!

The Stars And You

By Hugh DePew

ARIES

Today a Libra
friend you'll see
Who'll prove to
be your enemy,
And then you'll
meet a Capricorn
Who'll make you wish
you'd not been born.

TAURUS

The planets bring
great pleasure to
Most everyone today
but you;
The future's rotten
down the line;
Too bad that you
can't change your sign.

GEMINI

Although this day
dawns clear and bright
With all your lifelong
goals in sight,
Before you shout
and dance and sing,
Remember you're
a ding-a-ling.

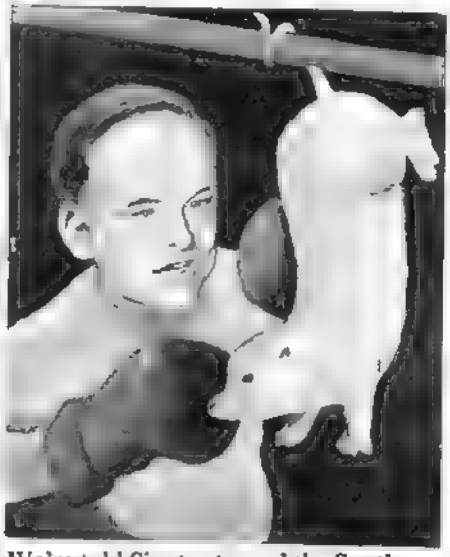
CANCER

'Round 10 a.m.
you're sure to feel
Like signing some
big business deal;
Should this take place,
we have no doubt
'Round 2:15
you'll be wiped out.

PATTER 'N CHATTER

By Harvey Garvey

Hi out there, it's time that you
Found out who's doing what with who...
The biggest item deals with Liz
Who's going in the TV biz;
She'll get a million bucks a year
Replacing Cronkite, so we hear...



We're told Sinatra toured the South
And punched a possum in the mouth...

* * * *

The word is out that Tommy Smothers
May team with the Osmond Brothers;
Should the deal go through, prepare
For brother Dick to team with Cher,
Which means that Sonny will be free
To start his Shakespeare company...

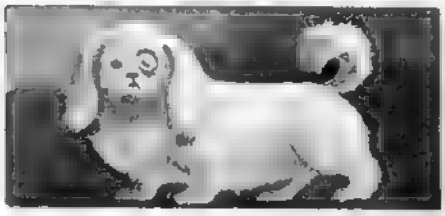
* * * *

Don't be surprised if Bob Goulet
Will film the life of Turhan Bey...

We're told Sinatra toured Duluth
And punched a hamster in the tooth...

* * * *

Seen 'round town are Phyllis Diller,
Johnny Miller, Jerry Stiller,
Arte Johnson, Charles Bronson,
Gloria Swanson and Stan Bahnson,
Lauren Bacall and Lucille Ball,
Monte Hall back from Nepal,
Barbara Bain, MacArthur Lane,
Joan Fontaine and Michael Caine,
Bobby Orr, Daniel Schorr,
Don DeFore and many more...

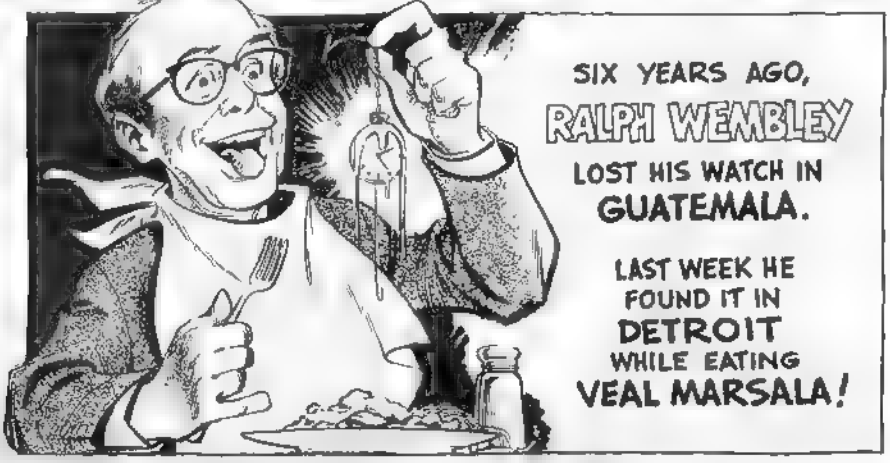


We hear while touring overseas
Sinatra punched a Pekingese...

* * * *

Although there's lots more I could say,
I'll write 'em down another day;
It's not that I don't have the time;
It's just that I can't make 'em rhyme.

Believe It or Leave It!



PINE NUTS

ADVICE TO THE NEEDY

By Edie McReedy

Dear Edie:
I'm engaged to a girl with a twitch,
And each time I touch her, I itch;
She walks on all fours,
Never goes out-of-doors,
And on weekends turns into a witch.
Upset

Dear Upset:
It's clear from your girl you are shook
And would like to be let off the hook;
Although you can't face her,
Before you replace her,
Find out if she is a good cook.

Dear Edie:
My boy-friend is handsome and kind
And he's blessed with a beautiful mind;
He never ignores me
And always adores me;
No happier girl you can find.
Joyful

Dear Joyful:
What kind of a loony would think
That her love-life was rosy and pink?
You must be psychotic
Or on some narcotic;
I'll send you the name of my shrink.

ON THE SCREEN

With Chauncey Green

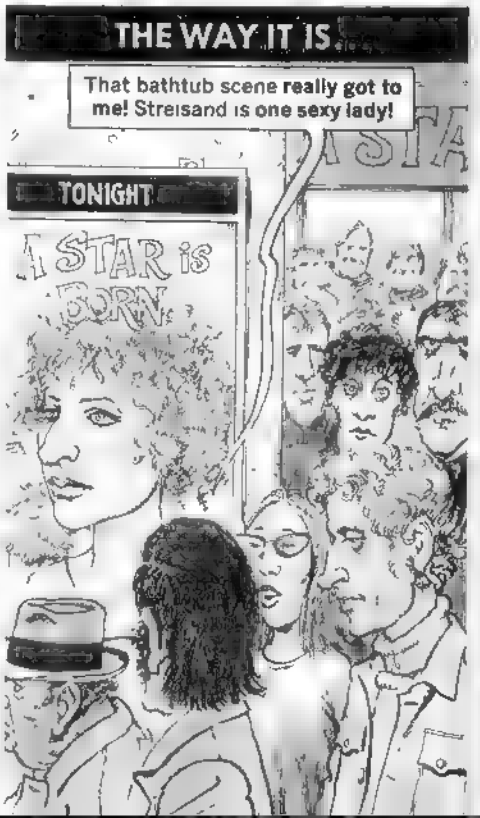
I think that I shall never see
A movie done so terribly
As something called "The Swollen Gland,"
Which now is playing at the Strand.
It stars George Segal as a cop,
Who, staking out a barber shop,
Observes a Fresno CPA
Attempt to kill Faye Dunaway,
Which leads into a torrid scene
With Goldie Hawn and Steve McQueen,
Who, on the lam with Robert Shaw,
Get lost in downtown Wichita.
Before it ends, James Caan is slain
And Michael Caine, declared insane,
Climbs thirty flights and takes a leap—
Don't ask me why, I fell asleep.

by Sharly Schuts

A STAR IS SHORN DEPT.

Have you ever taken a real good look at some of today's big "glamorous sex symbol" stars? Many of them aren't really that "glamorous" or "sexy."

IF TODAY'S SEX SYMBOLS

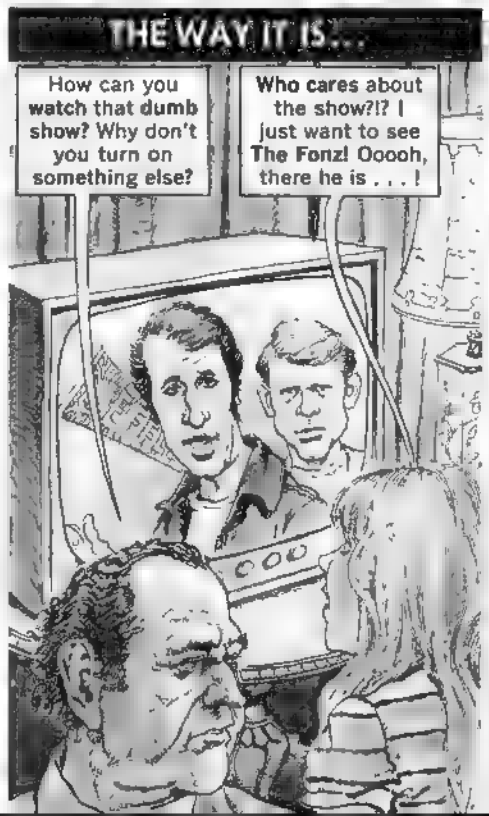


Actually, they're merely products of their various Studios' or Networks' Publicity Departments. Which got us to wondering what it would be like

WEREN'T IN SHOW BIZ

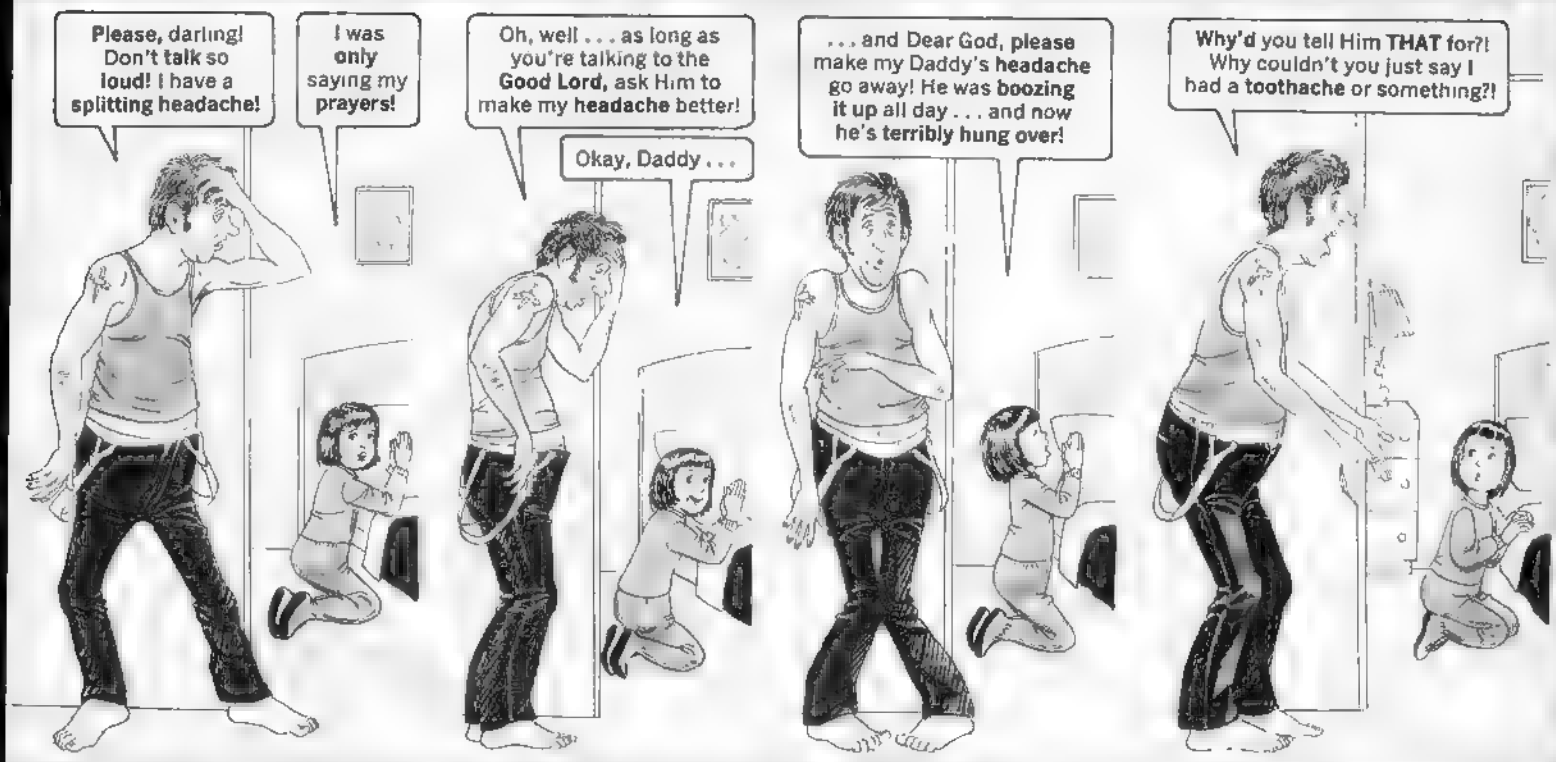
ARTIST:
HARRY NORTH, ESQ.

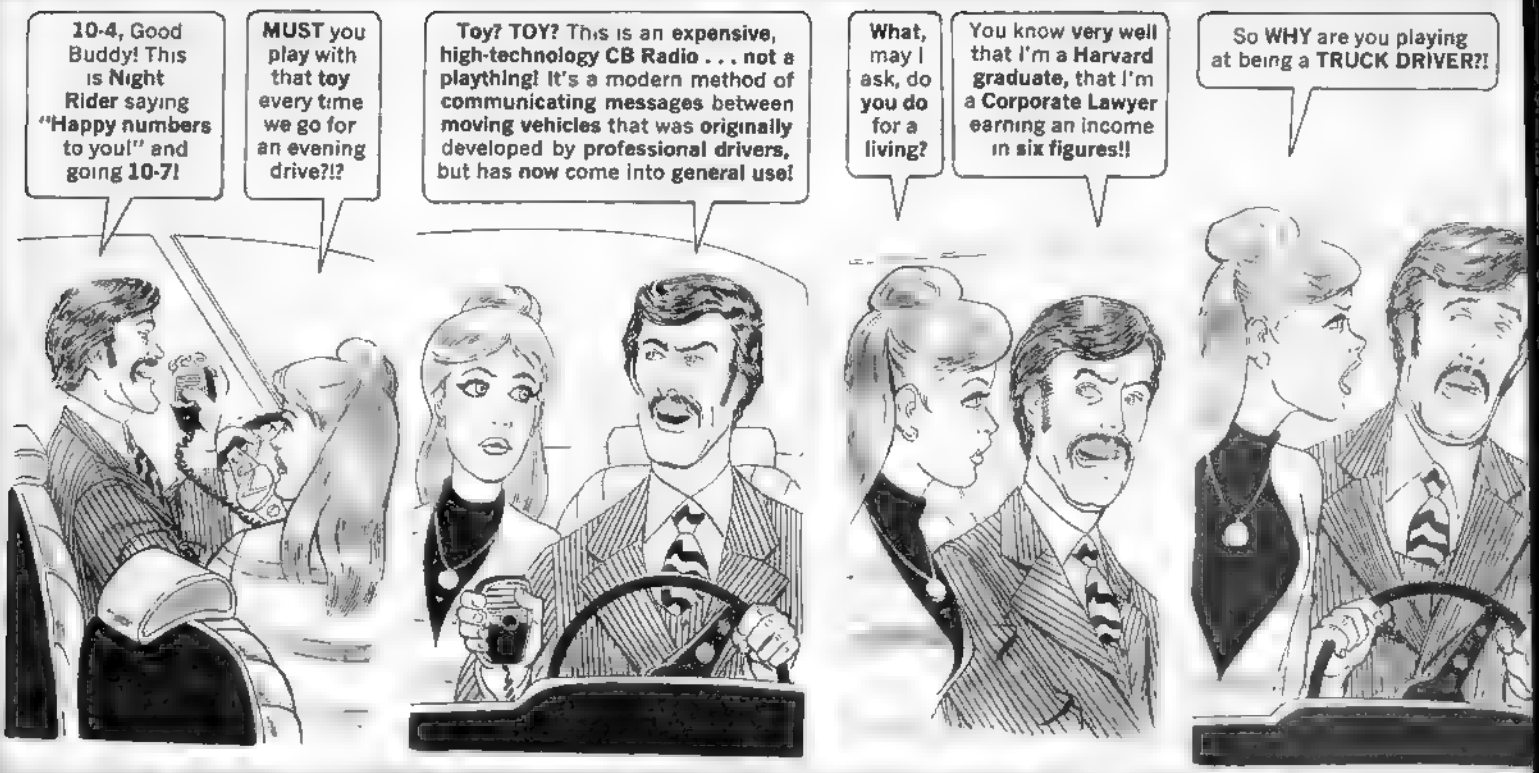
WRITER:
LOU SILVERSTONE



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... N





IGHTS

WRITER & ARTIST:
DAVID BERG

Just look at this meal! Everything is harmful! The sugar is poison . . . the salt is bad for high blood pressure . . . the bread has no nutrition!
Oh-oh! The Health Nut is at it again!
Yeah! Knock it off and let us eat!
The milk has radiation fall-out . . . the butter, eggs and meat have artery-clogging cholesterol . . . the fruits and vegetables are poisoned by chemical sprays . . . the fish has traces of mercury—
Hey, c'mon! You're spoiling my appetite!
Yeah! Knock it off and let us eat already!
If we listened to you, everything at this table would be eliminated!!
Not EVERYTHING!!
Geez, this is a dark street!
I'm terrified of the dark!
Me, too! Let's get out of here!
Let's head for the bright lights of the main drag . . .
. . . where we'll be SAFE!!
LIVE SEX SHOW one flight up
X rated MOVIES
PORNO shop
MASSAGE PARLOR
Will you hurry up! We'll miss the first act!
I'm hurrying as fast as I can!
What's slowing you down is that enormous, heavy purse you carry around! You've got too many things in there!!
I never know when I'm going to need something!
In fact, you've got everything in that purse but the bedroom dresser!
Oh, God! I wish it was in there!
That's where I left the TICKETS!!

There would still be the STUPIDITY!!

Hi! I'm home! Was there any mail today?

The usual! A lot of junk mail . . . and a notice from the bank that my checking account is overdrawn!

WHAT?!? Can't you keep a simple checking account straight?!

Now, don't get excited! The matter was taken care of!

I sent the bank a check for the overdrawn amount!

Oh, darn! The lights went out! Probably a fuse!

Better to light one little candle than to curse the darkness! And I have one little candle right here . . .

A candle?! Are you kidding?! We're practically living in the 21st Century! A candle is a prehistoric anachronism! We own a flashlight that throws a beam a quarter of a mile!!

So why don't you use it?

I can't find it in the dark!

Okay, Mr. 21st Century man . . . Now, what are you gonna do?!?

I'm not going to curse in front of the children!

What are you doing up?

I can't sleep!

I've tried taking some warm milk . . . and a night cap . . . and some sleeping pills the Doctor gave me!

None of them worked!

Hummmm! That's strange! I can't understand it!

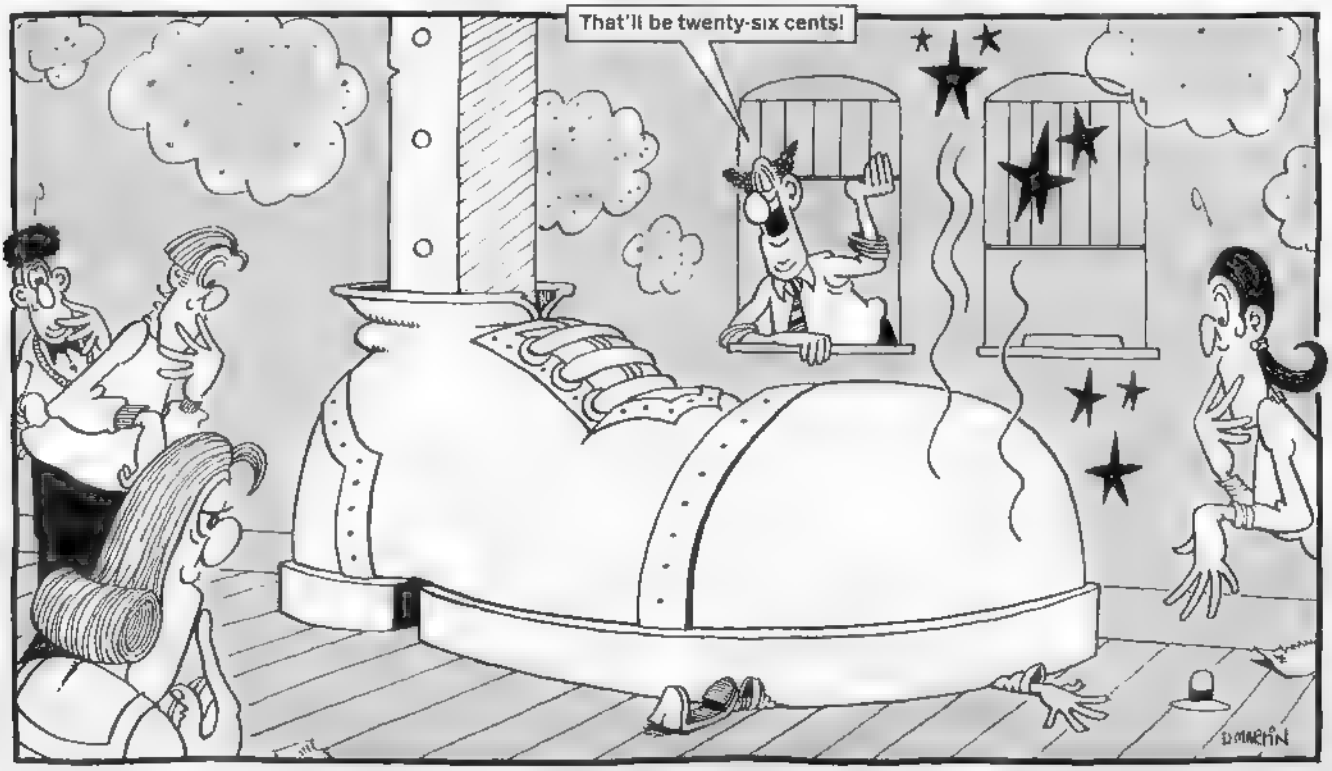
You slept fine ALL DAY!

FRESH CEMENT

Why does he always get sick in the middle of the night when we can't get a doctor!!
He doesn't need a doctor! It's just a cold!
Does that mean I don't have to go to school tomorrow?!?
I'm afraid so!
Hummph! You'll never grow up to be President of the United States the way you keep missing school . . . !!
I guess not . . . !!
But with my absentee record, I'd make a great Congressman!
Every night, it's the same thing! All you do is watch TV for five or six hours!!
And what do you watch?!? Crime shows! War shows! Heartbreaking drama shows! World catastrophe shows! Don't you ever get sick of that junk?! Why don't you shut the damn set off already?!?
Okay! Okay! I'll shut it off right after The Eleven O'Clock News!
Why do you want to watch the News?!?
It'll just be a re-hash of the depressing stuff you already saw on all those other shows!!
Oh, look! There's the first star!!
Make a wish!
Uh . . . starlight . . . star bright . . . I . . . wish I may . . . I wish . . . I . . .
Did you make a wish?
Yup!
What did you wish?
I wished I could remember the rest of that poem!
David Berg

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE AFTERNOON IN THE POST OFFICE



FOOL'S PARADOX DEPT.

As every rational, intelligent person knows, we live in a time when most everyday occurrences are bad, and all of them are due to get a whole lot worse. Therefore, it stands to reason that only a complete idiot could remain optimistic in the modern world. MAD is aware that the complete idiots who read this magazine

YOU'RE AN ETERN

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you assume that you'll get your flat tire changed in a jiffy, now that a whole motorcycle gang has stopped to lend you a helping hand.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you scan the movie ads, expecting to find something to take the whole family to.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you can't imagine why your Doctor would call in four Specialists for consultation, unless he needs their help to tell you how well you're progressing.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you think you've found a garage sale where a millionaire art collector is disposing of genuine art masterpieces at five bucks apiece.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you can hardly wait for some newly-elected politician to take office so he can start keeping his campaign promises.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you ask your Dentist if it's going to hurt, and he says, "No!" . . . and you really believe him.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you think your new after-shave lotion will make women find you irresistible when they never even found you tolerable before.

are constantly in fear of being exposed as complete idiots. But actually, you're giving your secret away by stupid optimism you don't even know you're exhibiting. So there isn't a moment to lose in comparing your own behavior with these MAD examples. Because if you display any of these symptoms, it's a sure sign that—

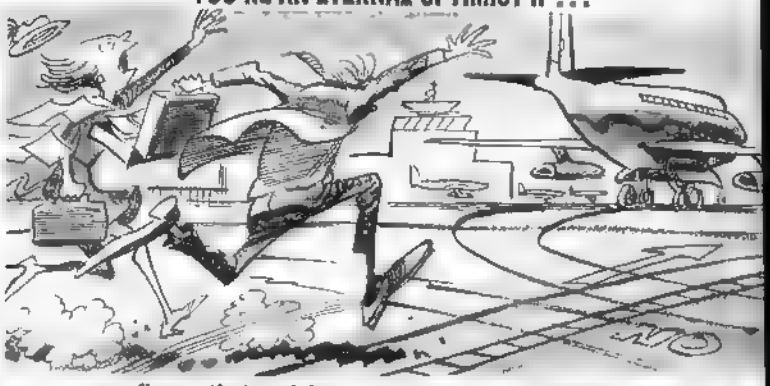
NAL OPTIMIST IF...

WRITER: TOM KOCH WITH JACK KENT

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

...you assume there's nothing to hang-gliding that you can't teach yourself as you go along.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .



. . . you figure that arriving at the airport ten minutes late is close enough because they'll hold the plane until you get there.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

...you expect anything you order from a mail order house to look even half as good as the picture in the catalogue.

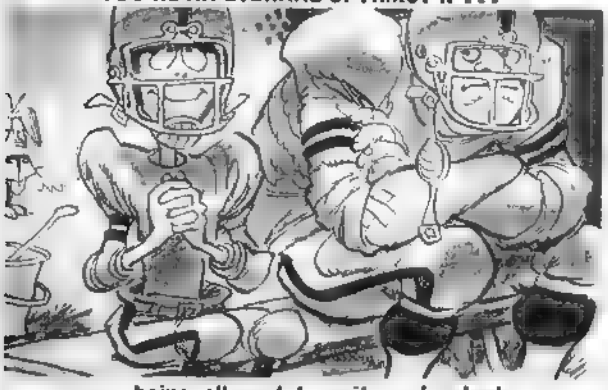
YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you assume every girl you've ever dated is free tonight, and just waiting by the phone in hopes you'll call.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you buy a catalogue that describes valuable coins on the assumption that your pocket change is worth a fortune.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

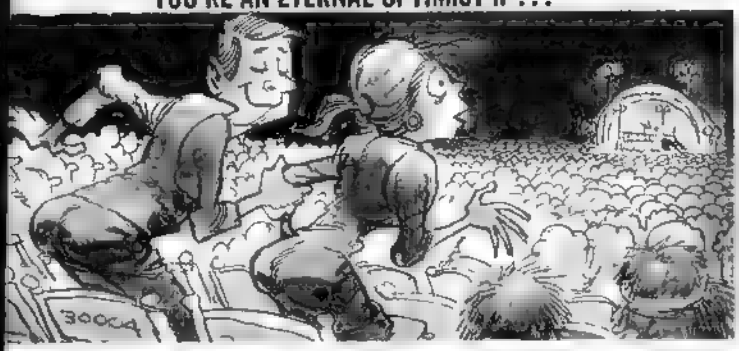


. . . being allowed to suit up for Junior College football prompts you to start planning your illustrious career in the N.F.L.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you have complete faith in those old adages that barking dogs never bite . . . and bees never sting if you just leave them alone . . . and lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .



. . . you assume you'll be able to see and hear everything perfectly from the $2.00 seats at a Neil Diamond concert.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you think that, even though your gas gauge reads empty, you have enough to make it to the next station.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you decide to wait for the next bus because this one is already too crowded.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you buy a "new, improved" product and expect it to be new and improved.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you really expect the other driver to yield the right of way.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

...you take your kids to the zoo...thinking that you're finally getting them away from all that sex and violence.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you expect to look like the model looked when you buy the dress in your size that she just wore.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you expect your new 1978 car to perform as well as that old Studebaker you're trading in.

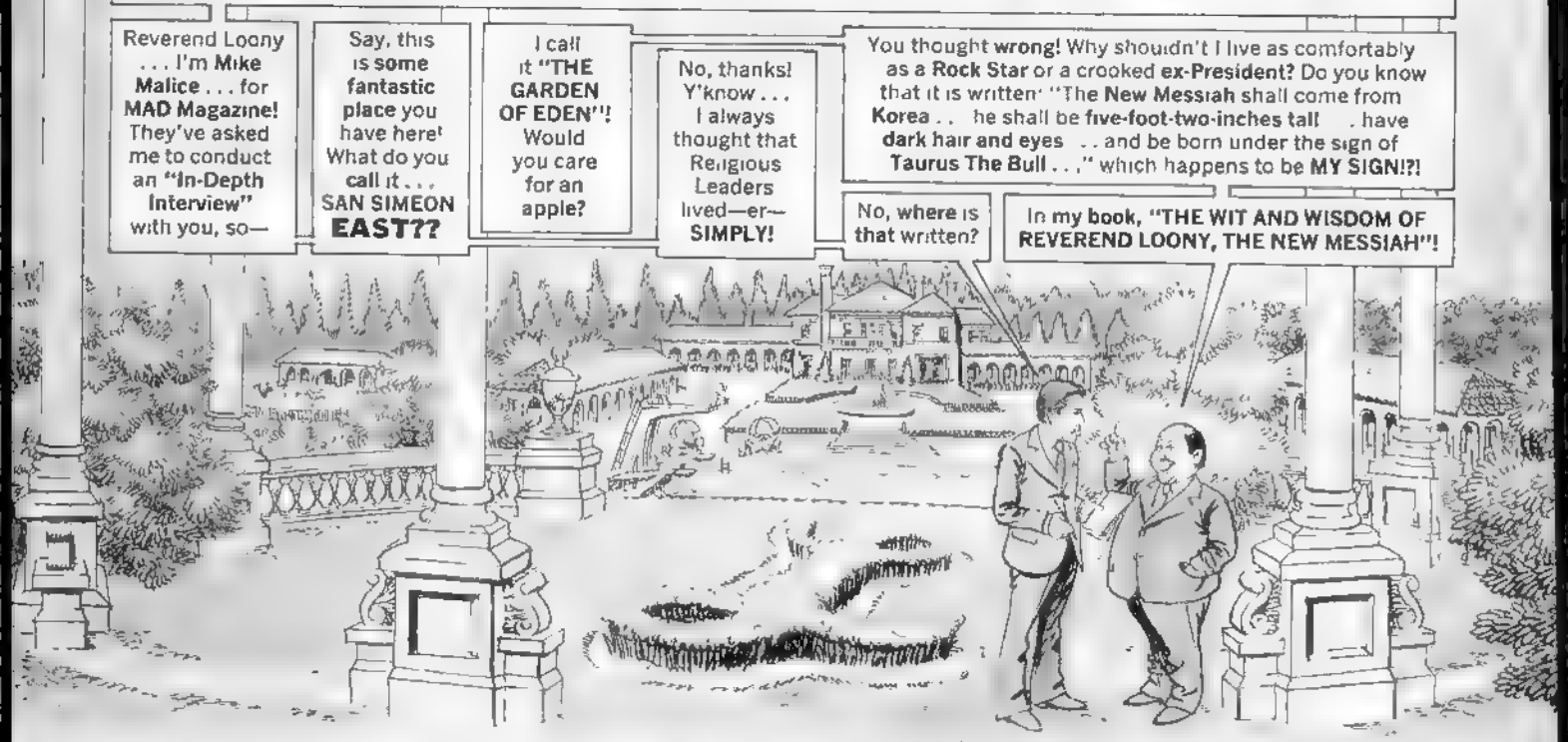
YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you don't foresee any problems in hitchiking around the world because you're sure that all foreigners love American tourists.

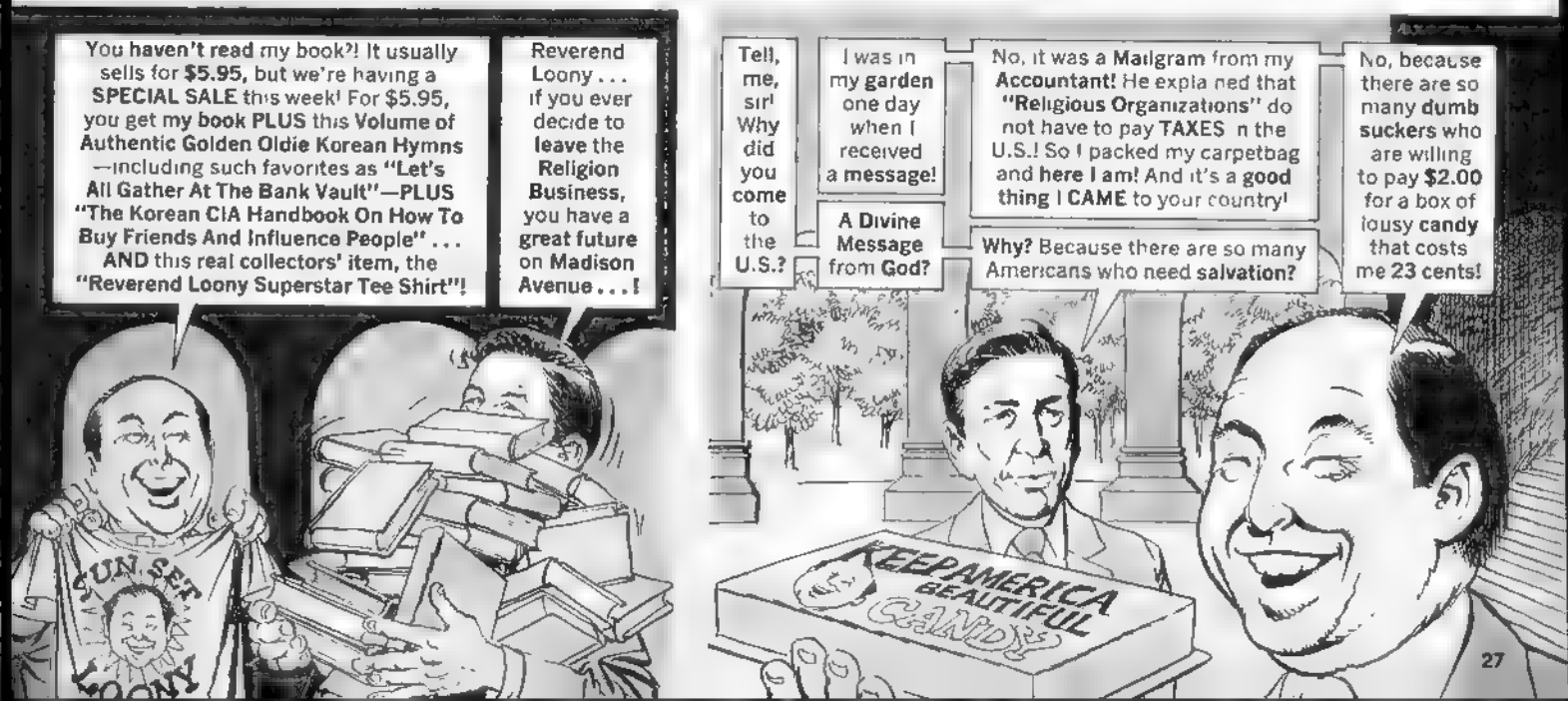
A MOON FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN DEPT.

Recently, there has been an alarming upsurge of **weird behavior** among a group of our young people! We mean **real funky stuff,** like **being polite** and getting **short haircuts** and wearing **clean, neat clothes!** Naturally the **parents** of these youngsters are **worried!** And so, as a public service, MAD now investigates the man who is **responsible** for this freaky behavior, the head of **The Loonatication Church,** the Reverend **Sun Set Loony,** who has been named . . .

MAD'S "RELIGIOUS CULT LEADER" OF THE YEAR



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



Is it true that you only have 2000 church members in the U.S.?

Allow me to quote a great wise leader who once said, "It's better to have 2000 followers and 250 million dollars in the bank than to have 250 million followers and 2000 dollars in the bank!"

What wise leader said that?

Richard Nixon!

Then you're satisfied with the small number of converts you've been getting?

If YOU were the head of a Church, would you rather win the heart and brain of a man . . . or his purse?

His heart and brain!

Boy, are you stupid! What good is a heart and brain . . . unless you're a DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN!!

Tell me, Reverend, how do you get your new recruits?

Simple! We run ADS in college newspapers, saying that we are seeking people who want to do their bit for the Ecology . . . or want to better Mankind . . .

But . . . isn't that false advertising?

Is there any other kind?!

What happens when young people answer your ads?

We start by having "Rap Sessions" like this one . . .

Loony . . . Loony . . .

LOONY . . .

LOONY!

Loony is the Master! You will obey the Master!

Loony is your mind! Loony is your brain!

You will give us the plans, Yank . . . or you will DIE!

BEFORE LEAVING, BE SURE, I'D WISH OVER YOUR BANK ACCOUNT TO REV LOONY!

But . . . but isn't that BRAINWASHING?

I am only a poor Oriental! What do I know of such things? Come! I will let you speak to some of my Zombies—I mean LOONIES . . . and you'll see for yourself that they have not been brainwashed!

Have you been subjected to any form of mind control?

We joined the Master of our own free will!

Master —good! Parents —finks!

Candy! Flowers! Candles! Please! Won't you help the poor orphans? Candy! Flowers! Candles . . .

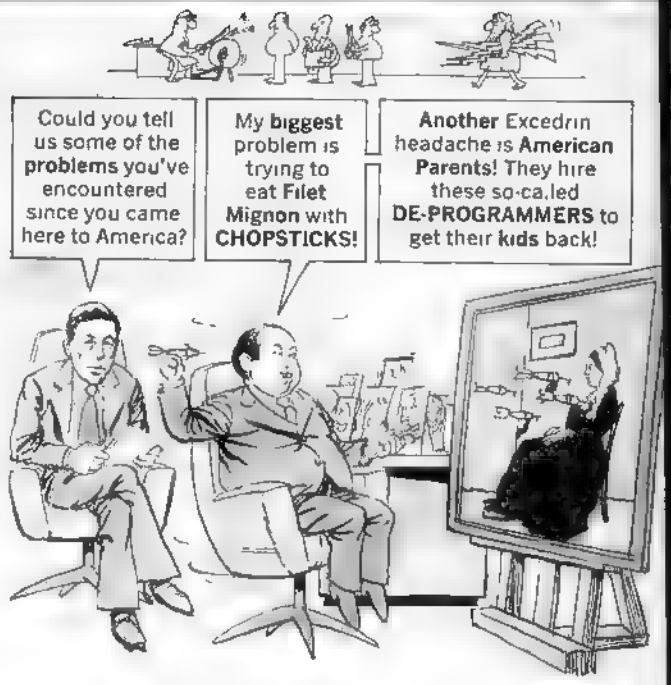
Do the proceeds from your street sales really go to orphans?

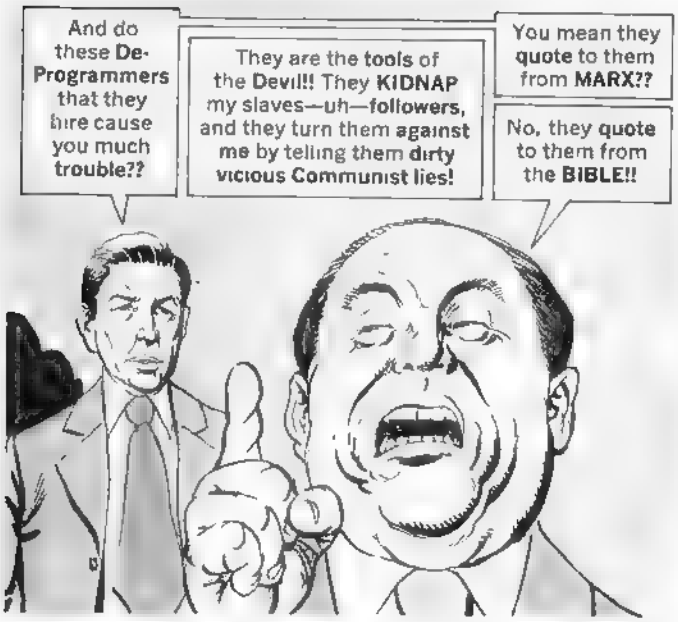
Why, of course! I'M an orphan!!

KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL

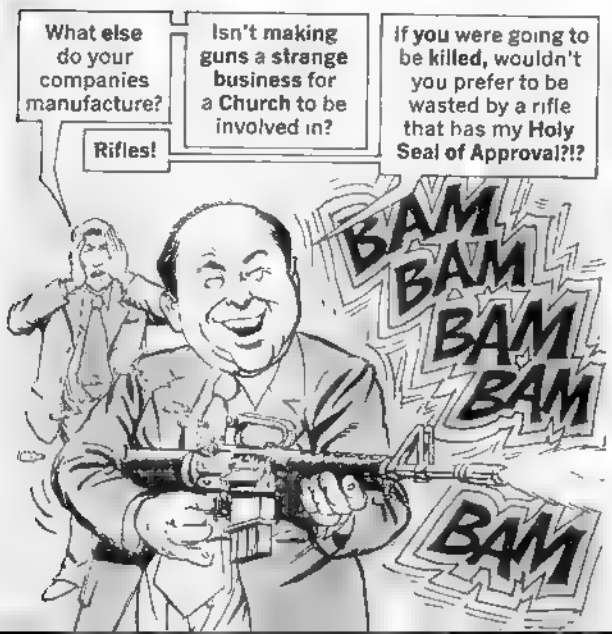
CANDY

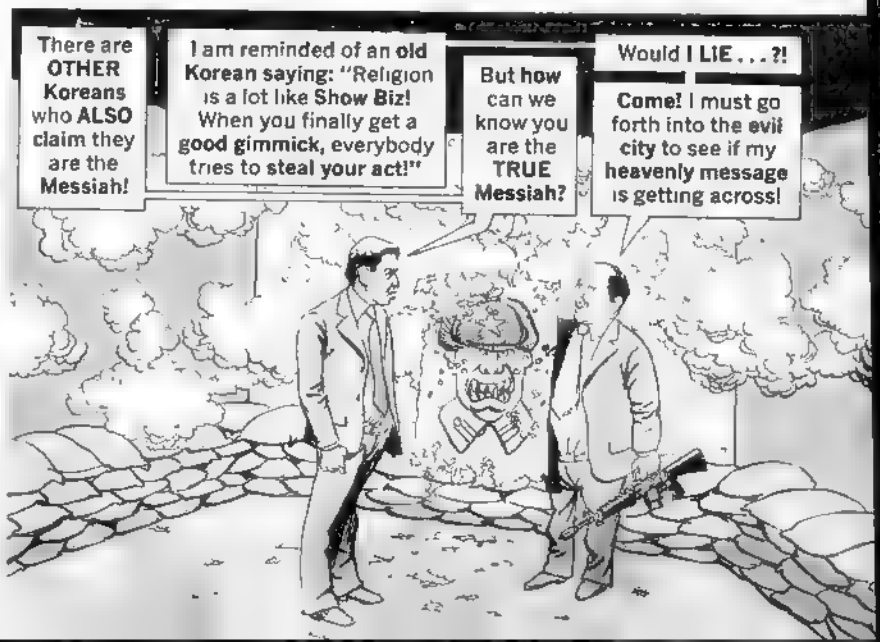
Tell me, do you allow members of your Church to get married?
Of course! I perform the marriage myself! It's very very beautiful . . . especially the Bride-Purifying Ceremony . . . !
How does a Bride become PURIFIED?
How do YOU think?! She must . . . as you Americans say . . . "make it" with a PURE MAN!
I'll bet YOU are MR. PURE!
You better believe it! It's a fringe benefit of being a Messiah!


Could you tell us some of the problems you've encountered since you came here to America?
My biggest problem is trying to eat Filet Mignon with CHOPSTICKS!
Another Excedrin headache is American Parents! They hire these so-called DE-PROGRAMMERS to get their kids back!


And do these De-Programmers that they hire cause you much trouble??
They are the tools of the Devil!! They KIDNAP my slaves—uh—followers, and they turn them against me by telling them dirty vicious Communist lies!
You mean they quote to them from MARX??
No, they quote to them from the BIBLE!!

Reverend Loony . . . is it true that you own several companies in Korea?
Yes, we manufacture many useful things . . . like Ginseng Tea! I intend to make Ginseng Tea into America's National Drink!
If you're pushing Ginseng Tea, why are you drinking COKE??
Just because I sell the stuff doesn't mean I gotta drink it!
Man . . . have you ever TASTED Ginseng Tea?!?
JOIN THE GINSENG Generation!
SUPPORT SUN SET LOONY
SET LOONY


What else do your companies manufacture?
Rifles!
Isn't making guns a strange business for a Church to be involved in?
If you were going to be killed, wouldn't you prefer to be wasted by a rifle that has my Holy Seal of Approval?!?
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM


There are OTHER Koreans who ALSO claim they are the Messiah!
I am reminded of an old Korean saying: "Religion is a lot like Show Biz! When you finally get a good gimmick, everybody tries to steal your act!"
But how can we know you are the TRUE Messiah?
Would I LIE . . . ?!
Come! I must go forth into the evil city to see if my heavenly message is getting across!

Don't people object to all these posters?

Why? They should be pleased! It's part of our campaign to brighten up the landscape!

TAXI

788 1212

KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL BICENTENNIAL PLUS ONE PATRIOTIC RALLY!

* FIREWORKS DISPLAY *
* DANCING GIRLS *
FREE! FREE!
* * Also Surprise Act * *

I expect a record crowd at this rally! Imagine . . . half a million people . . . coming to hear me speak!

But . . . it doesn't say anything about YOU giving a speech!!

Down at the bottom, it says "Surprise Act"! That's ME!! Are they going to be surprised when I give them a two-hour speech in KOREAN!!

I hear your last g g bombed out! The stadium was half empty!

That's a lie put out by the Left Wing Press! They never mentioned the fact that it was a STANDING ROOM ONLY crowd!

Y-you mean every seat was FILLED?!?

WHAT seats . . . ?!? Everybody HAD to stand!! Get it?!? A STANDING ROOM ONLY CROWD!!

Rev. Loony, one final question! Is the aim of your Church to save MANKIND?

No . . . our aim is to buy the Empire State Building, Radio City, the World Trade Center, Madison Square Garden, the White House, McDonalds . . .

TODAY, AMERICA!! TOMORROW . . . THE WORLD . . . !!

LOONY . . . LOONY . . . UBER ALLES!

If this scene looks familiar to you, you probably saw it in an old World War II Movie! This is Mike Malice . . . signing off for MAD Magazine!!

CHARACTER ASSASSINATION DEPT.

For many television viewers, the characters on their favorite TV shows are very real. Networks get many letters each year addressed to Steve Austin, Marcus Welby, Maude Findlay and the rest, which proves how true-to-life these characters are. Eventually, of course, even the most successful show runs its course, and after it's cancelled, the characters just disappear. This hardly seems right. After all, if they were lifelike to start with, they should die like the rest of us. Which explains the MAD logic behind these

OBITUARIES FOR TV SHOW CHARACTERS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS IDEA BY: BILLY DOHERTY

TED BAXTER FOUND DEAD

Ted Baxter, 45, a newscaster for station WJM-TV in Minneapolis, Minnesota, was found dead yesterday in his apartment.

According to the city coroner's report, Baxter had been dead for at least four days before his body was discovered.

MR. TED BAXTER

Baxter's co-workers expressed mild surprise on hearing of his death.

"We all wondered where Ted was these past few days," said Mary Richards, an associate producer. "Most of us figured he was staying away to give us all a free vacation."

"The first day he didn't show up, I became a little concerned," said station manager Lou Grant, "but the college kid we replaced him with did such a great job that I soon put Ted out of my mind."

In accordance with his wishes, Baxter will be given a lavish funeral, with recordings of his favorite news bulletins being played during the service. Baxter's co-workers have been trying to track down his friends who might wish to attend the funeral. So far, they have had no success.

ARCHIE BUNKER DIES; Noted Bigot Was 66

Archie Bunker is dead at 66.

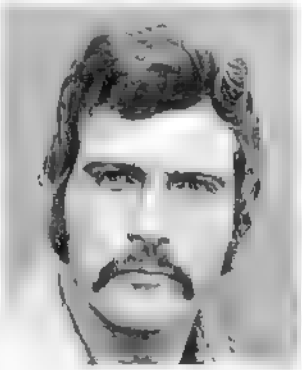
The noted hard-hat and bigot collapsed of a heart attack last night after learning that his wife, Edith, was one-sixteenth Jewish. Bunker had been in ill health since May, when he developed a nervous disorder brought on by a Jamaican family moving into the house next door. Survivors include, in addition to his widow, a daughter, Mrs. Mike Stivic, and a grandson. Moments before he died, Bunker removed all of their names from his will. His estate, estimated at approximately $900, will go to the Council to Renounce, Eliminate and Eradicate Pinkos. (CREEP) A World War II veteran, Bunker was a member of the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and regional vice-president of Patriotic Right-Wingers Indicting Draft Evaders (PRIDE).

MR. ARCHIE BUNKER

A memorial service for Bunker will be held tomorrow at Grogan's bar. The family requests that no one attend the funeral.

Steve Austin Dies at 55, A Victim of Obsolescence

Colonel Steve Austin, Government agent, former astronaut, and the world's first bionic man, died last night at 55. According to Austin's superior, Oscar Goldman, death was caused by "bionic obsolescence". Six months ago, Austin suffered a fractured transistor, followed by a pulled hamstring wire and several short-circuited organs. No spare parts were available, so a wind-up key was inserted in Austin's back, which his body rejected. He was kept alive briefly by plugging his body into an electric generator, but last night the plug was pulled because of rising utility costs. A native of Ojai, California, Austin entered the nation's space program in 1968, when NASA was testing its Fiasco rocket, officially known as Project Armageddon. Austin volunteered to test the rocket after 24 other spacemen had refused, affirming at the time his belief in "American know-how and superior technology." After the rocket exploded 15 seconds after launching, Austin, severely injured, was rebuilt completely with bionic parts, the operation costing $6 million. Unable to pay the bill, Austin agreed to work it off in installments by destroying America's enemies at home and abroad.



COL. STEVE AUSTIN

Austin will be buried in Arlington National Cemetery next to the grave of Jaime Sommers, the first bionic woman, who died a year ago, a victim of inadequate wiring.

J. J. Evans Dies at 17

Mr. "J.J." EVANS

J. J. Evans, 17, son of Florida, brother of Thelma, and older brother of Michael, died suddenly yesterday. He was working at his summer job as a warehouse assistant at the Acme Munitions Plant.

According to eyewitnesses, Evans absentmindedly lit a match to get a closer look at a case of high power explosives. The last thing he said, before being blasted out of existence, was "Dy-no-MITE!"

"Mother" Jefferson Dies of Overdose

"MOTHER" JEFFERSON

"Mother" Jefferson, 78, died today from an overdose of sleeping pills. According to a neighbor, Florida Evans, she had been suffering from a severe depression brought on by an attack of laryngitis, which prevented her from talking.

Neither her son, George, or her daughter-in-law, Louise, were available for comment. On hearing the news of Mrs. Jefferson's death, they took off immediately for an extended holiday and celebration. Funeral services will not be held, there being no mourners.

Marcus Welby Dies Of Natural Causes

Dr. Marcus Welby, 72, died yesterday of natural causes. The prominent physician collapsed in his home late in the morning and was unable to persuade any of the city's doctors to make a housecall. He succumbed at about 4 p.m., his death coinciding with the arrival of the ambulance he had called five hours earlier.

Said Welby's colleague, Dr. Steven Kiley, "In the world of medicine, these are natural causes."

"I wish I could have saved him," Kiley added, "but he wasn't my patient and I could have been sued for malpractice."

"I knew he was ailing," said Dr. James Kildare of Blair General Hospital, "but I couldn't treat him until I was certain he was covered by Blue Cross." "Welby left a message on my answering service," said Dr. Joe Gannon of Medical Center, "but I was tied up making rounds at the hospital. I'm sorry to hear of his death, but I hear it's going around."

DR. MARCUS WELBY

Funeral services will be held tomorrow, at which time, in Welby's memory, mourners will take two aspirins and call each other in the morning.

Space Hero James Kirk Dies in NY Mugging

Commander James Kirk, captain of the spaceship U.S.S. Enterprise, died today from injuries sustained in a mugging in New York's Central Park. The future galactic hero was 53.

According to a survivor, Mr. Spock, the Enterprise was caught in a time-warp, which brought it back to the planet Earth in 1977. Kirk and Spock beamed down to Central Park in mid-afternoon and were at once set upon by a gang of muggers.

Commander James Kirk, U.S.S.T.

"We drew our phasers," Mr. Spock recounted, referring to a future space weapon, "but the muggers were too quick for us. Before we knew it, they stripped us of our weapons and communicators and demanded our money."

According to Spock, the muggers were insulted when Kirk could only offer them a bundle of "Zandars," an outer-space currency used by future spacemen to buy souvenirs in other worlds.

"I recall one of the muggers shouting, 'Kill the mother,' which surprised me, as Captain Kirk, to my knowledge, had never bore children," Spock said.

Survivors of Kirk include a great-great-great-great-great-great-great grandfather, Amos Kirk, a Chicago dentist, and a great-great-great-great-great-great uncle, Marvin Kirk, now a 10-year-old student in Wichita.

Commander Kirk will be born in 2096.

Mary Hartman Dead at 44

Fernwood, Ohio. Mary Hartman, 44, a housewife and mother, died today of complications.

JOHN-BOY WALTON SLAYS OWN FAMILY, THEN KILLS SELF

John-Boy Walton, 25, murdered his father, mother, six brothers and sisters, and his grandparents today, then turned his revolver on himself.

Residents of Walton's Mountain were stunned after the mass slaying, Walton being described as "a model son," "a fine student and hard worker," and "as good a young man as you'll ever find."

According to Perry Mason, a retired investigator living nearby, young Walton's act was a classic example of "repressed hostility."

"It's the typical case of a goody-goody kid always having to live up to his reputation," Mason said. "He bottles up all his aggression and frustration until, one day, everything explodes inside him and he turns psycho and goes crazy."

JOHN-BOY WALTON

A search of young Walton's personal belongings turned up several knives, a number of crime magazines, and other items too lurid to mention.

MAUDE FINDLAY DIES DURING GUN BATTLE

Ms. MAUDE FINDLAY

Maude Findlay, 63, was killed today after being caught in the middle of a running gun battle between local police and a homicidal maniac.

According to police at the scene, the homicidal maniac was spotted shortly after burglarizing the Findlay home, where he assaulted and brutally beat up Mrs. Findlay's husband, Walter.

The police were exchanging gunfire with the suspect when Mrs. Findlay appeared, shouting that the homicidal maniac was a "victim of society" and should be allowed his right "to do his own thing without being persecuted." Calling the police "Fascists" and "Brownshirts," she ran into the line of fire and was killed by a stray bullet.

Funeral services have not been arranged. According to Mr. Findlay, who is recovering from his beating in a local hospital, a seance will be held this evening in hopes of contacting Mrs. Findlay in the hereafter.

"I wouldn't dare pick the pallbearers," said Mr. Findlay, "without clearing them first with Maude."

Frank Cannon Dies at 55

Frank Cannon, 55, a local private investigator, died of nervous shock today after being told his favorite restaurant was out of cheesecake.

Cannon, who had just finished a double portion of roast beef and potatoes, and was midway through an immense helping of eggplant parmi-

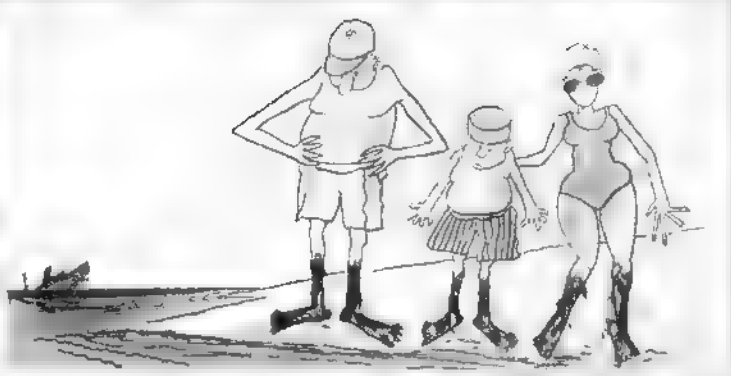
Theo Kojak, 62, Dies In Bowling Accident

Lieutenant Theo Kojak, 62, a New York City Police Detective, died under strange circumstances in a West Side bowling alley last night.

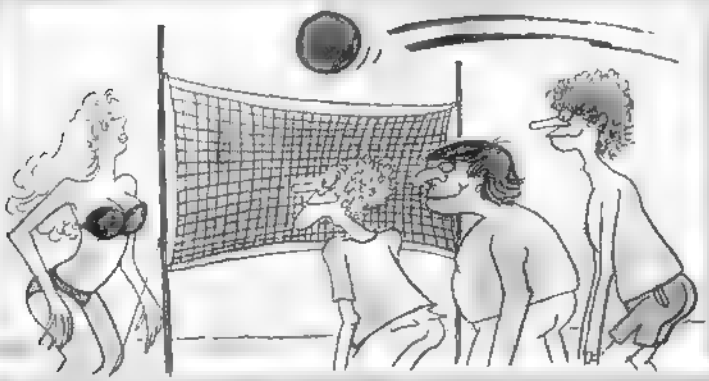
Although details of his death have as yet to be determined, it appears that the head of the celebrated crime-fighter was mistaken

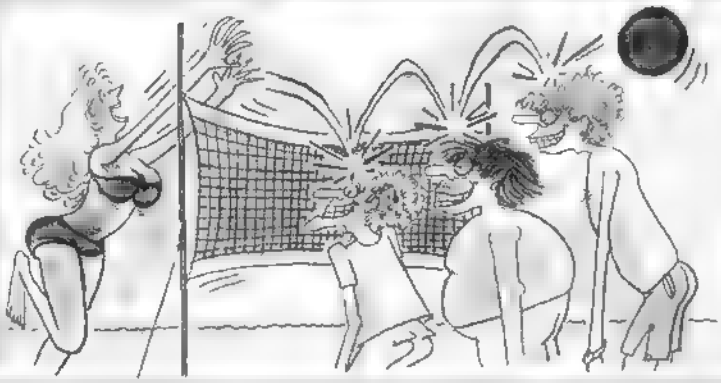
BEACH NUTS DEPT.

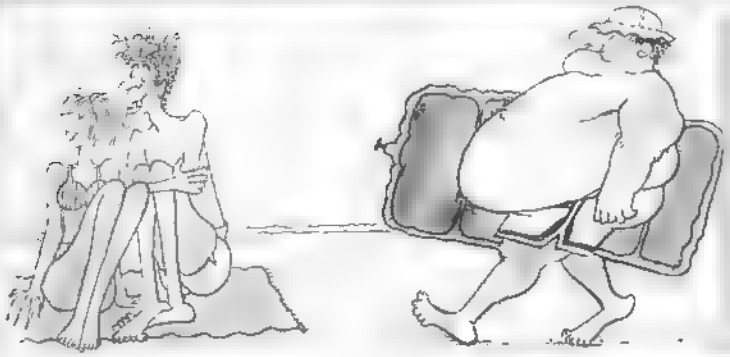
A MAD LOOK A

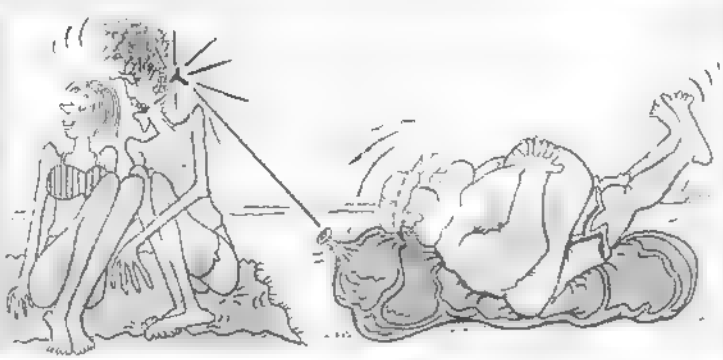


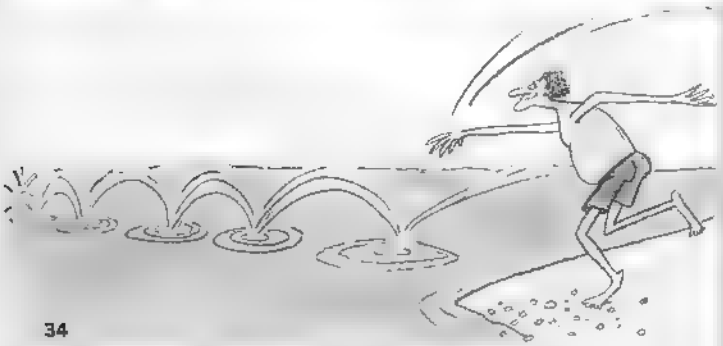
ARTIST & WRITER:





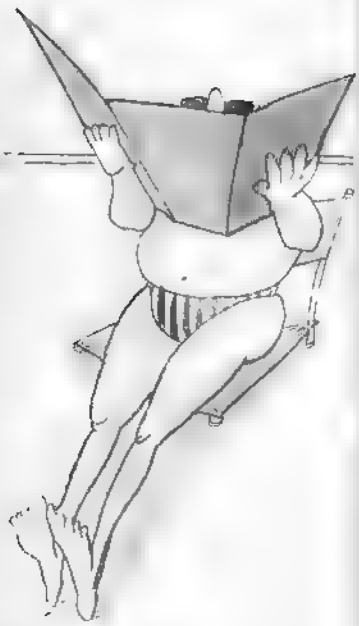


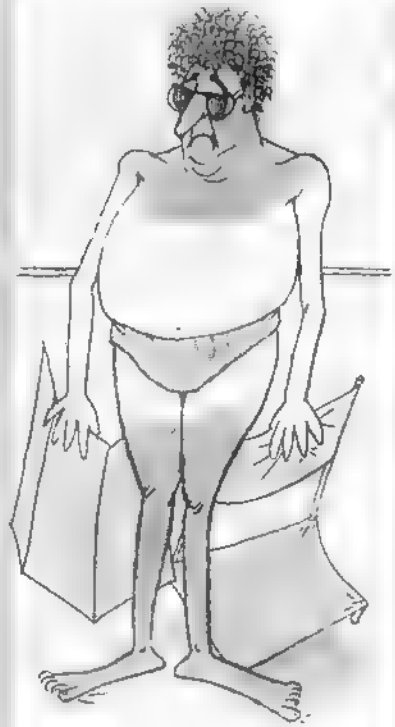


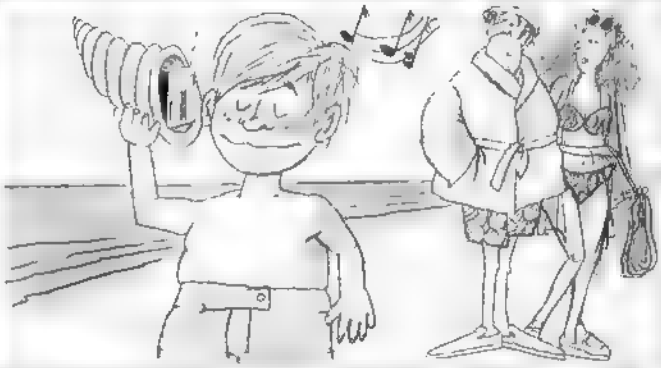


T SUN 'N' SURF

PAUL PETER PORGES







PUT YOUR FUNNY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS DEPT.

NOTE: A number of years ago, we ran a few articles entitled "MAD's Cliché Killers." Perhaps most of you were too young (or too smart) to read them, so we'll go over the premise again. But pay attention, it may be the last time!

PREMISE OF ARTICLE: Ahem! Have you noticed that most people talk in clichés? The worst part of a cliché is

MAD'S CLIC

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

COMING HOME LATE

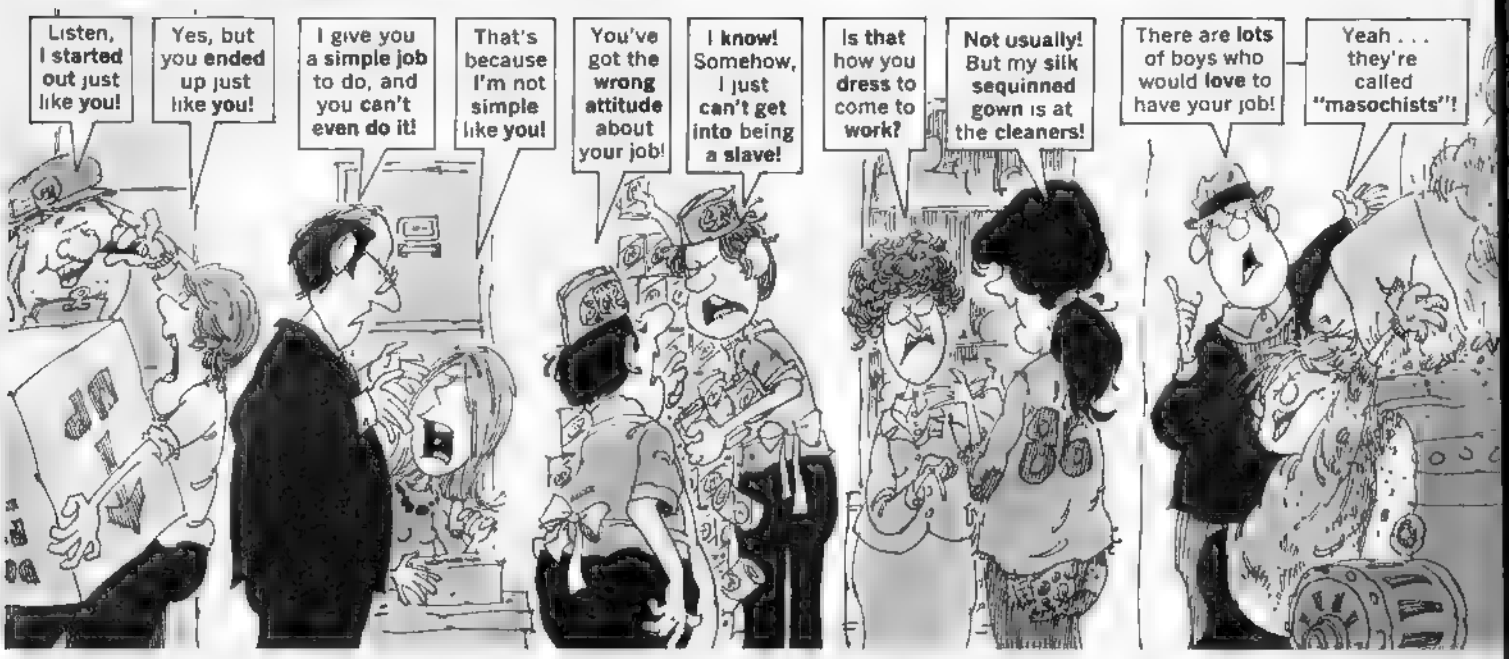
VISITING A DOCTOR'S OFFICE

that it's not really conversation, since a cliché doesn't require an answer. What are you supposed to say when those morons ask, "Hot enough for you?" Are they really looking for a response? Of course not! But now you can surprise them! Because here is some ammunition to fire right back at those insufferable cliché poppers. We call them . . .

HÉ KILLERS

WRITER: STAN HART

WORKING ON A JOB



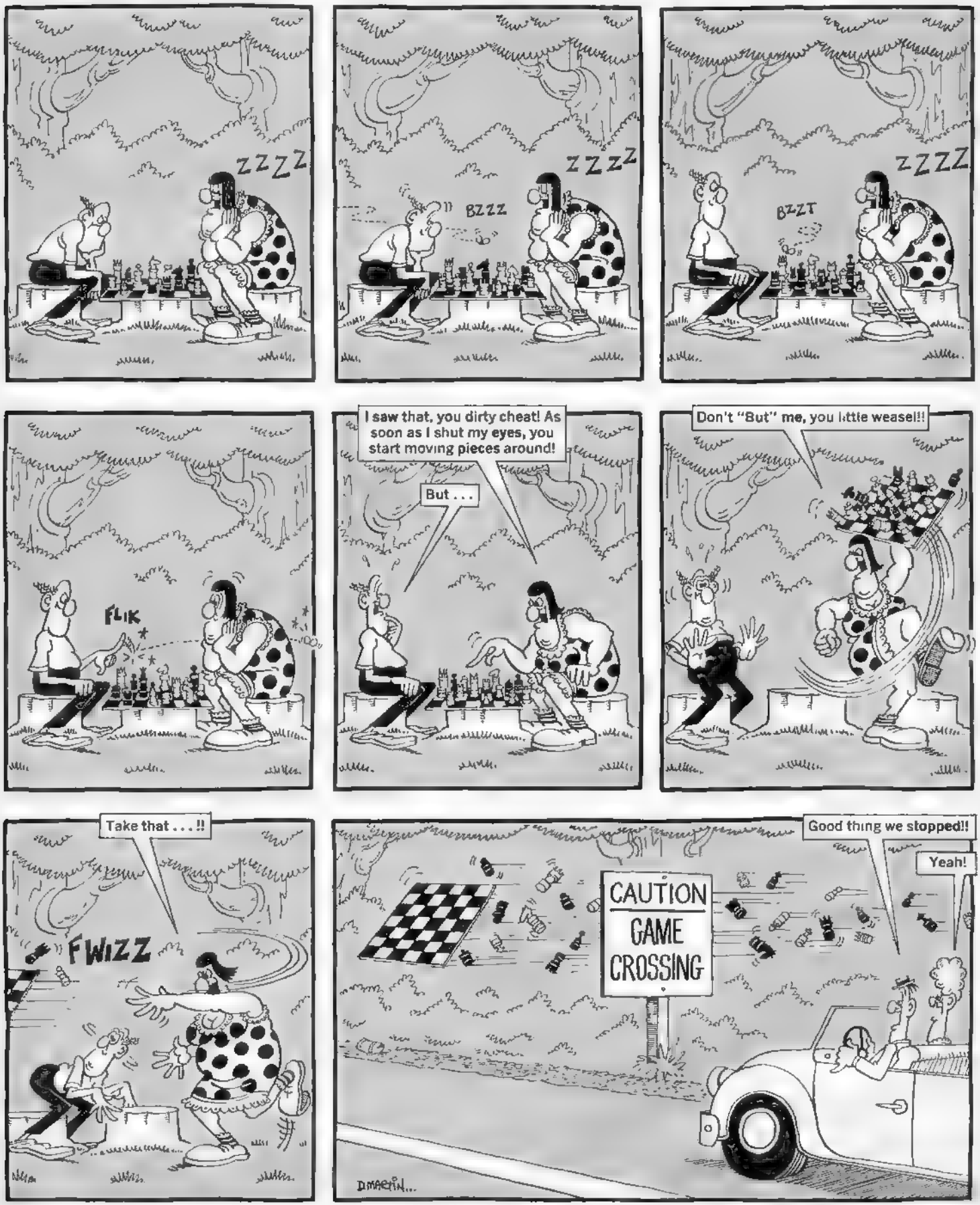
SHOPPING IN A DEPARTMENT STORE

PLAYING IN LITTLE LEAGUE

GETTING ARRESTED

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

EARLY ONE EVENING IN THE COUNTRY



ON THE JOB, STRAINING DEPT.

There's a "Baseball Hall of Fame" and a "Football Hall of Fame" and a "Basketball Hall of Fame" and a "Hockey Hall of Fame." There's an "Aviation Hall of Fame" and

THE OFFICE WORKE

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

JULIET WYBRANTS

LEGAL SECRETARY
SNEEK, SERVEM & SNUFFLE
JANUARY 1976 TO DECEMBER 1976

HOLDS THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR "OFFICE WORKER HONESTY" BY LEAVING HER PLACE OF EMPLOYMENT EVERY EVENING FOR A SOLID YEAR WITHOUT TAKING HOME ANY SUPPLIES!

IRA SKUTCH

MIMEOGRAPH OPERATOR
DITTO COPIER CORP.
FEBRUARY 2, 1977

ON THIS DATE, IRA ASTOUNDED HIS FELLOW EMPLOYEES AND AMAZED HIS BOSS BY TAKING ONLY TEN MINUTES FOR HIS TEN-MINUTE COFFEE BREAK!

RAY RICHON

LOAN ARRANGER
TONTO FINANCE CORPORATION
FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1977

ON THE ABOVE DATE, RAY RICHON TOOK THE DAY OFF FOR RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCE, AND THEN ACTUALLY WENT TO A HOUSE OF WORSHIP!

BRUNO ZIRATO

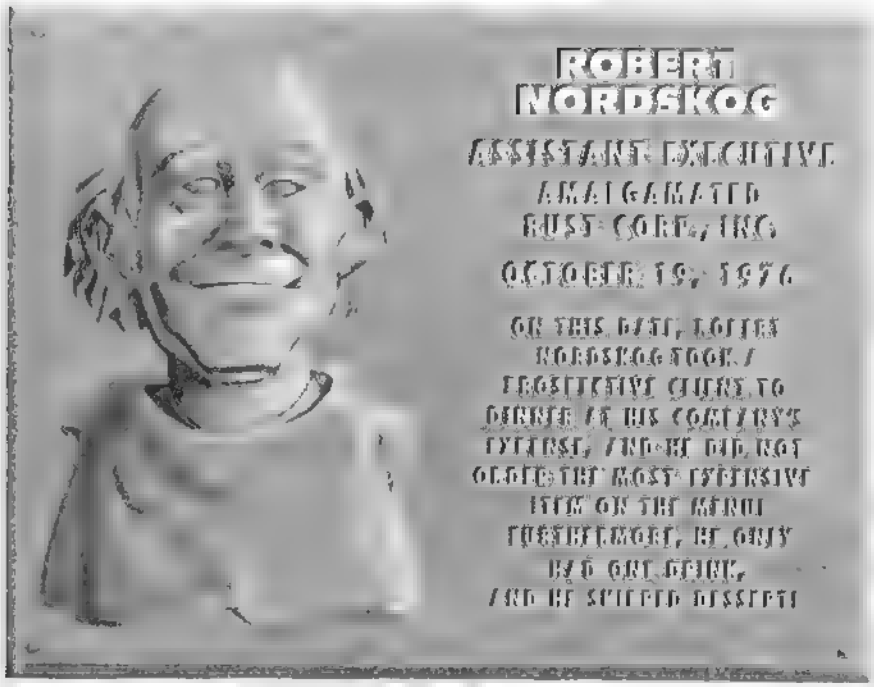
ORDER CLERK
NEW DELHI DELI PRODUCTS, INC.
FEBRUARY, 1976

THIS PLAQUE HONORS BRUNO ZIRATO WHO, DURING THE ENTIRE MONTH CITED ABOVE, NEVER MADE MORE THAN ONE PERSONAL PHONE CALL IN ANY GIVEN EIGHT HOUR SHIFT!

a "Great Americans Hall of Fame." But what about the everyday slobs that have to work from 9 to 5 in offices all across America? Why not honor their great feats in

ERS' HALL OF FAME

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



ROBERT NORDSKOG

ASSISTANT EXECUTIVE
AMALGAMATED
RUST CORP., INC.

OCTOBER 19, 1976

ON THIS DATE, LOUIS NORDSKOG TOOK A PROSPECTIVE CLIENT TO DINNER AT HIS COMPANY'S EXPENSE, AND HE DID NOT ORDER THE MOST EXPENSIVE ITEM ON THE MENU. FURTHERMORE, HE ONLY HAD ONE DRINK, AND HE SKIPPED DESSERT!

ELLIOTT FELDMAN

MAIL ORDER CLERK
SCHLOCK PRODUCTS, CORP.
NOVEMBER 3, 1976

ON THE ABOVE DATE, ELLIOTT PUT A PERSONAL LETTER THROUGH THE POSTAGE MACHINE, AND THEN PAID PETTY CASH 13¢ FOR THE STAMP!

JAY WOLPERT

ARCHITECT
TILT & SINK BUILDING CORP.
JUNE 7, 1976

ON THE ABOVE DATE, JAY WOLPERT ASKED HIS FINELY PROPORTIONED SECRETARY, WHOSE DIMENSIONS ARE 36-28-36, TO STAY ALIVE FIVE SO THEY COULD "WORK LATE"...AND THEY DID IN FACT WORK LATE!

DIANE JANEVER

SECRETARY-TYPIST
HUNT AND PECK
PRODUCTS CORP.
AUGUST 16, 1976

ON THE ABOVE DATE DIANE JANEVER ALLOWED HER BOSS TO GIVE HER A LETTER TO TYPE WITHOUT SWEARING AT HIM UNDER HER BREATH...EVEN THOUGH IT WAS FIVE MINUTES TO QUITTING TIME!

HOWARD FELSHER

UNEMPLOYED OFFICE WORKER
JANUARY
FEBRUARY & MARCH, 1977

DURING THE MONTHS INDICATED, HE COLLECTED UNEMPLOYMENT BENEFITS, BUT AT THE SAME TIME, HE WAS ACTUALLY LOOKING FOR WORK, AND HE REALLY DID HAVE JOB INTERVIEWS WITH ALL OF THE PEOPLE HE'D LISTED ON HIS UNEMPLOYMENT QUESTIONNAIRES!

PHILLIP WAYNE

STOCK CLERK & GOLF
BULL, BEAR & BULL, BROKERS

EVERY MONDAY DURING SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1977

FOR HIS OUTSTANDING RESTRAINT, THIS PLAQUE IS PRESENTED TO THE ABOVE NAMED INDIVIDUAL FOR NEVER HAVING MENTIONED ONE WORD ABOUT WEEK-END FOOTBALL DURING NORMAL BUSINESS HOURS

JOE NEUSTEIN

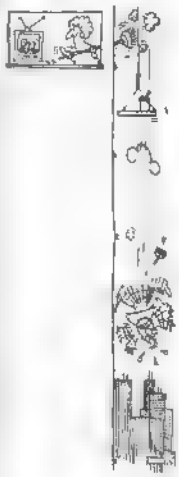
XEROX MACHINE OPERATOR
FINESTER, FINESTER
AND FINESTER
JULY 4TH TO JULY 8TH, 1977

AT THE HEIGHT OF THE SUMMER SEASON, DURING THE ENTIRE WEEK CITED, JOE NEUSTEIN WORKED DILIGENTLY AT HIS PLACE OF EMPLOYMENT FROM 6 TO 8 EVERY DAY, EVEN THOUGH HIS BOSS WAS ON VACATION!

ROBERT SHERMAN

SHOE SALESMAN
FOOT FETISH
FITTERS, INC.
FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1977

ON THIS DATE, ROBERT DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF BY FILING AN EXPENSE ACCOUNT FOR THE EXACT AMOUNT OF HIS EXPENSES!



MIMI O'BRIEN

CLERK-TYPIST-RECEPTIONIST
LOW PAYING INDUSTRIES, INC.
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1976

ON THIS DATE, MIMI O'BRIEN, WHO WAS RECEIVING THE MINIMUM WAGE, CALLED THE ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT TO INFORM THEM THAT SOMEONE HAD ACCIDENTALLY OVERPAID HER $10

BILL WENDELL

CIVIL ENGINEER
CIVIL TONGUE & GROOVE, INC.

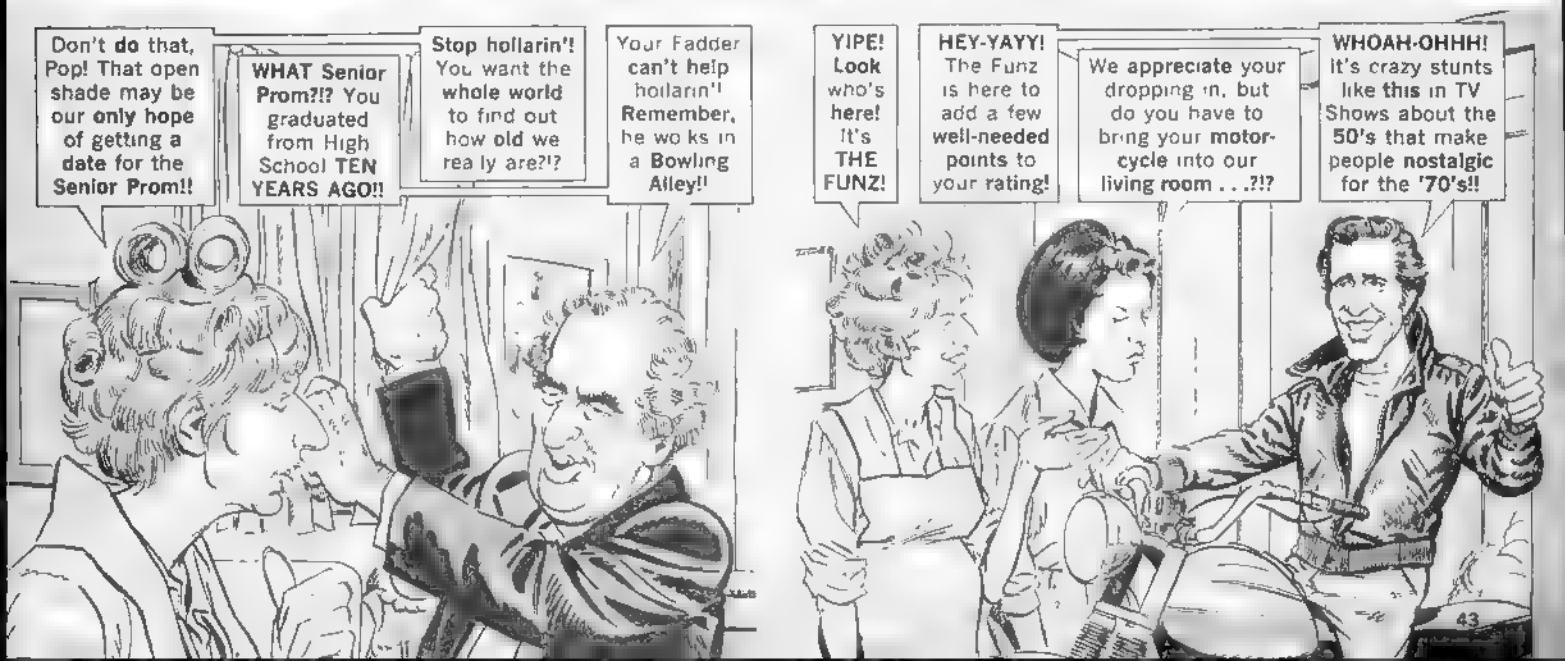
JUNE 3, MARCH 5,
AUGUST 29,
OCTOBER 19 & 20, 1977

TO HONOR BILL WENDELL'S PHENOMENAL BEHAVIOR ON THE DATES LISTED, WHEN HE WENT TO THE DOCTOR ON HIS OWN TIME!!

Today, there are women Governors, members of Congress, newscasters, executives, West Point cadets, etc. Women have a brand new image everywhere . . . except in the world of TV Sitcom Shows, where they apparently never heard of Women's Lib. There, women are still portrayed as sex symbols or brainless dolts or helpless clods or man-hungry idiots. This is especially true of the hit show about two female brewery workers who are all of the above . . . except sex symbols! Namely:

Lavoine & Shoiley

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



Tonight, we're using that old reliable "Continued Story" gimmick! On "Crappy Days", I had a date with the Sensuous Sextuplets! But unfortunately, my two Cousins were visitin' me! So I announced that I would ask Lavoine and Shoiley if they would entertain my Cousins . . . an' all my fans have stayed tuned! You dig??

Are they BOY Cousins . . .?!?

HEY-YAYY! Would the Funz have any other kind?!?

Gee, Funz, you didn't tell us they were MIDGETS!!

Whoa-ohh! They ain't midgets! They're only ten years old!

You didn't tell us that, either!

Hi, little fellah! Have your ever been to a Senior Prom . . .?

Sit on it, Nerd!

OH YOU KID!

Hi, there, girls! Did you have an exciting week-end?

Sure! If you can call babysitting with a couple of ten-year-old midgets exciting!

The reason you girls sit home so much is . . . well, it's your reputation! I mean, who ever heard of "not shaking hands on a first date"?!?

Good morning! I brung you a pizza . . .!

For breakfast?!

Sure! Instead of mozzarella an' anchovies, I put on corn flakes an' bananas!!

Could we use your bathroom? Ours's flooded! I was washing my bowling ball and Squeegee accidentally flushed it down the John!

Be our guest!

Thanks, Squeegee! Er . . . why are you taking off a shoe?

You want a jelly bean?

I got a hole in my pocket, so I keep the jelly beans in my sock!

Uh . . . y'know that offer you made me for a jelly bean? Well, forget it!!

Boy, ain't that just like a dame, makin' me take off my shoe for nuttin'!?!

I'll have some, Squeegee! You got a black one?

They're ALL black!

Hey . . . Shoiley! Look at what it says here on the Bulletin Board!!

TALENT CONTEST
DANCING BEER BOTTLES
GIRLS GIRLS

Well, since our writers obviously watch old Mickey Rooney movies for their ideas each week, I figure it probably says the Company is gonna put on a SHOW!!

It's not exactly a Show! It's a Talent Contest! They're gonna choose two girls to be "Dancing Beer Bottles" for a TV Commercial!

Gee . . . it's too bad they ain't pickin' "Dancing Beer BARRELS" . . . because you two would be sure winners!

Some day, I'm gonna drop that bimbo!
Hey, Lavoine, remember you're a lady! Instead of resorting to fisticuffs, rank her with a cutting remark . . . like, "People in glass houses shouldn't throw stones!"
Okay, I took your advice! I zapped her with a rock!
We can't! It's too undignified!
Now, let's fill out an entry blank for the Talent Contest!
What's so undignified about a Dancing Beer Bottle?
We GOTTA enter, Shoil! I mean, I'm tired of being a nothin'! Maybe we would win! Then we would BE somebody! We would be CONTENDERS!
Gi'me one good reason why I should make a fool of myself!
MEN . . .!!
Schlock BEER
That's a good reason!
Uh . . . WHAT men?!?
All those TV guys who'll make the Commercial! The camera men, the producers, the directors, the real classy types! Not like the creeps and slobs we usually associate with!
Did somebody call us . . .??
Schlock BEER
Hey! It ain't fair! It says this contest's for girls only! I went and shaved my legs for NUTHIN'!
You shaved your legs in our bathroom sink?!?
No . . . in your kitchen sink! Loonie was rinsing his unmentionables in your bathroom sink!
If we can't be in the contest, how about we act as your Managers?!
It's a deal! Now, let's see if you can manage to make yourself SCARCE!!
TALENT CONTEST
DANCING BEER BOTTLES
We ain't gonna be your Managers for nothin'!
Okay, you get the usual 10%!
You think we're dummies?!? We want 1% EACH! That way . . . together, we get 11%!!
One thing bothers me! How does a beer bottle dance??
Hey, Pop! Did you ever see beer bottles dance . . . ?
No . . . but I remember a few nights around here when I seen beer bottles FLY!!
Any more lines like that, and you'll be back doing "Men's Hair Coloring" TV Commercials!!

Oh-oh! Look who just dropped in! It's Peter Pan . . . !

No, it's Coalmine, the Italian Fred Astaire with the solution to our problem!

That's why I'm here, Angel Pusses! You got somebody you want me to punch out . . . or do you want to learn to dance the Twist?!?

We wanna learn how to dance like a beer bottle!

Hold it! Hold it! No . no! You're not getting it! You have to FEEL like a beer bottle! When I say "beer," what do you think of . . . ?

Goin' to the bathroom!

I think of gusto . . . lightness . . . . . enjoyment . . . an' cool taste!

I STILL think of goin' to the bathroom!!

We gotta make sure Lavoine an' Shoiley win that contest! We could bribe the Judges . . . except that we're broke!

Maybe we could, like, scare 'em by threatening to take 'em for a ride?

We ain't got no car!

We could borrow my kid brother's bike . . . !

You can't take nobody for a ride on a bike!

Sure you can! On the handle bars!

There's ONE way that CAN'T fail! Them Judges are men, right? And what are Lavoine and Shoiley . . . ?

Gi'me a hint!

They're girls! And what do men want from girls . . . ?

Boy, dat's a hard one! I give up!

We'll spread a rumor that Lavoine and Shoiley are . . . y'know . . . EASY! An' the Judges will vote for 'em, figurin' that they'll get a little -uh—reward!

Does the reward come out of our 11%?!?

We'll leave a message here in the Executive Washroom, where the Contest Judges can't miss it . . . !

I just learned a very important lesson, Loonie! Executives go to bathrooms just like ordinary workers! That could only happen in the good ol' U.S.A.!!

Boy, wait till the Judges read this . . . !

Hey! Where're YOU goin'?!?

I'm going' to see Lavoine an' Shoiley!

I just read that they're "PUSHOVERS"!

LAVOINE AND SHOILEY ARE PUSHOVERS! THEY NEVER SAY NO!

The next two contestants . . . Lavoine and Shoiley!

YAAYYYYYY! They're Number One!

I seen better heads on REAL bottles of beer!

They're the ones, Charlie! Vo . . . dee . . . oh . . . do!!

. . . and the winners of the Schlock Dancing Beer Bottle Contest are . . . LAVOINE AND SHOILEY!!

We won! WE WON!!

I wanna thank my parents for their faith in me, my choreographer, Coalmine, and my partner, Lavoine!

Schlock BEER

Schlock BEER

I can't believe it! We WON! We WON! Gosh, how can we ever thank you guys for voting for us?!?

We're sure you'll think of SOMETHING when we go out tonight!

You mean you executives from upstairs in the Advertising Department want to take US OUT?!

Wait! I gotta check our Social Calendar!

JUDGE

Schlock

Are you nuts?! Come on, before they change their minds!

That's the trouble with you, Lavoine! You're always too anxious! Remember when we entertained the inmates at the State Mental Hospital? Why, you accepted a DATE with one of them!!

Yeah, with Napoleon! But I TURNED DOWN God!

All right! The proper time has elapsed! Now . . . very casually . . . tell them we happen . . . to be free this evening, and we accept!

OKAY, you guys! We ain't doin' nothin' tonight, so . . . we're ALL YOURS!!

Schlock BEER

Hey, girls! You wanna go to a Carnival! The owner of the Freak Show gave us a free pass!

Are you sure it wasn't an invitation to be his new STARS?

Sorry, fellas, but we have a previous engagement with two of the Contest Judges!

Boy . . . are them guys gonna be disappointed!

And just what do you mean by that?!

They think they're gonna have their way with you two tonight!

And WHY do they think THAT??

Well, we figured that if they thought you two were EASY, they'd vote for you! So we started a rumor that you were PUSHOVERS!

OUT, you worms!

You can't call us dat an' get away with it! We resign as your Managers!

OUT OF OUR HOUSE!!

Does this mean you ain't goin' to the Carnival with us?!?

What are we gonna do about the date we got tonight with the Contest Judges?

We'll go out with them, and we'll explain that the rumor about us is a big mistake! They're adults! I'm sure they'll understand!

Sure! They'll probably get a big laugh out of the whole thing!

SCREEECCH

Well, so much for the big laugh!!

Sex fiends! Perverts! You're no gentlemen!!

Lavoine, you know why we get into these situations? We never think of anything but men!

What else is there?

From now on, we have to be more selective! It's like my Aunt Mary Margaret always said! "If you wait long enough, Mr. Right will come along!"

. . . and did your Aunt Mary Margaret's "Mr. Right" come along?

FORTY YEARS?!?

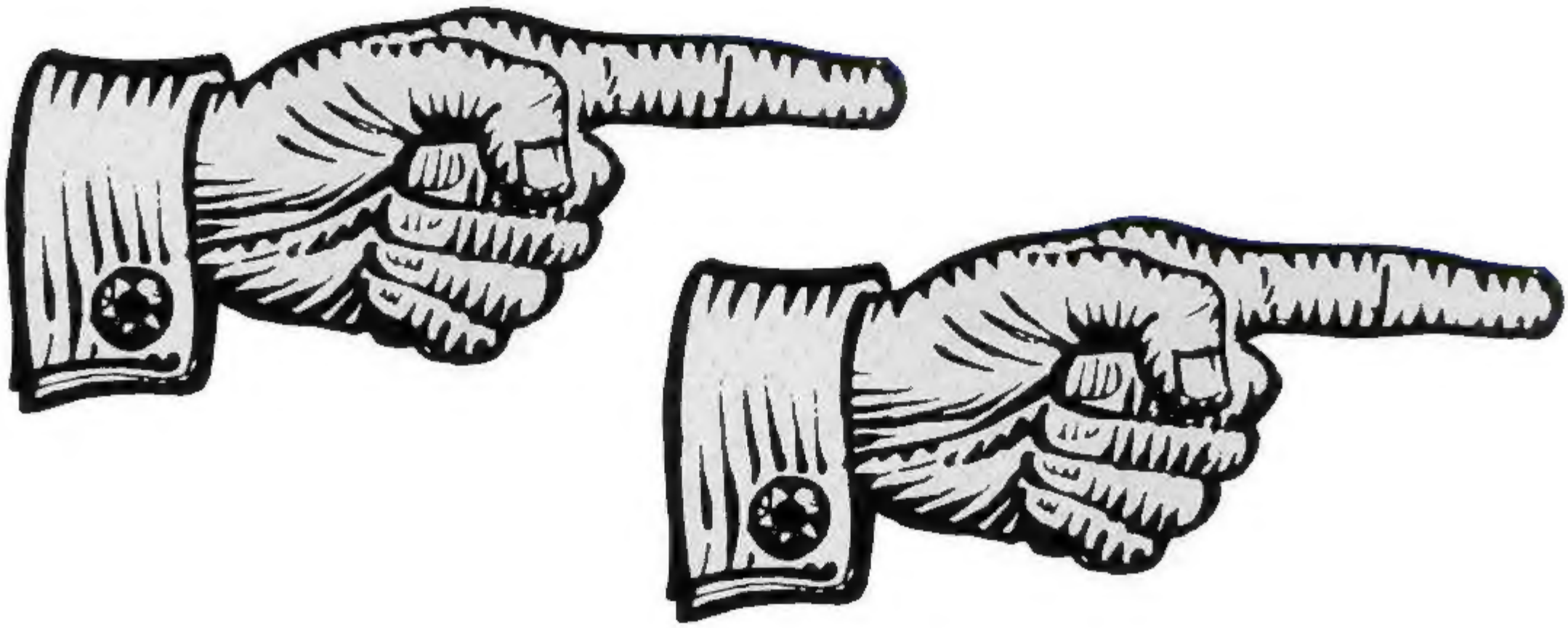
Not yet! But she's still waiting! That woman's been waiting for forty long years!

Hey, you guys! We changed our minds!

Hey, fellas! Wait for us!!

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT POPULAR SOURCE OF ENERGY IS SHORT-LIVED AND OF QUESTIONABLE VALUE?

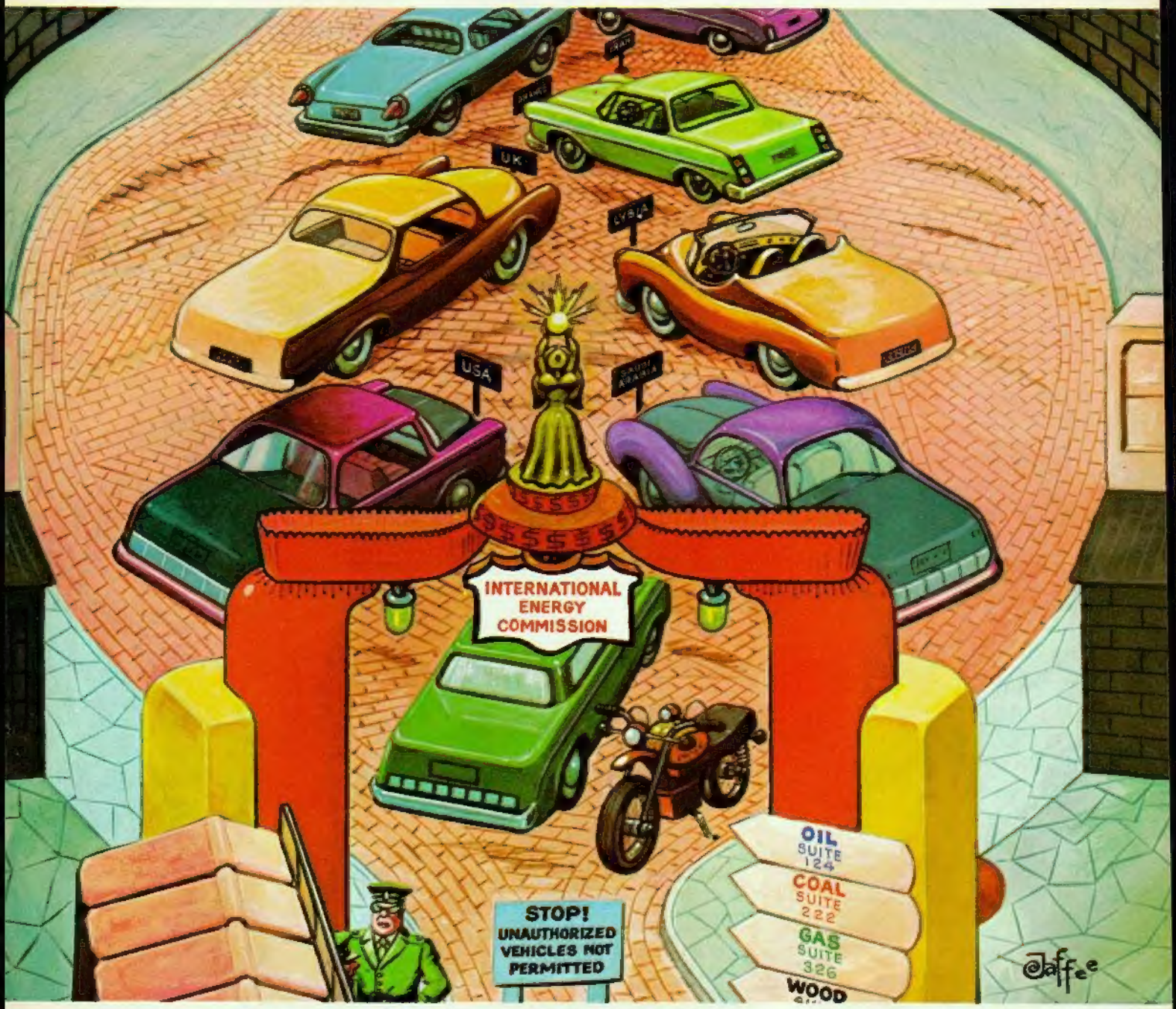
HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Finding sources of energy has become a major activity throughout the world. One source of energy is quite popular in this country, even though everyone knows it is not a long-range solution. To find out what it is, fold in page.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

JUST ABOUT EVERY AMERICAN TRIES TO THINK UP WAYS TO PROVIDE NEEDED ENERGY FOR CITIZENS FROM CALIFORNIA TO CAPE COD

A▸ ◂B

WHAT POPULAR SOURCE OF ENERGY IS SHORT-LIVED AND OF QUESTIONABLE VALUE?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

JUNK

FOOD

A▸◂B

MORE

SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

(THE FROG PRINCE)

ARTIST & WRITER: DON MARTIN